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CONTENTS—APRIL, 1880.

FRONTISPICE. "In Sight of Home."

After Many Years. By Irene L——. (Illustrated).....	203
The Quaker in Westminster Abbey.....	209
Der Meister Sänger. By Harriette Wood.....	209
The Latania Borbonica. (Illustrated).....	210
The Sandwich Islands. (Illustrated).....	211
Stopped Worrying and Began to Laugh.....	212
"Nobody".....	213
Snow Fairies. By Ruth Revere.....	215
"Wasn't it Queer?" By Madge Carroll.....	216
"She was a Phantom of Delight." By Wordsworth (Illustrated).....	218
A Living Christmas Box. By Edward Garrett.....	219
When we Both were Young. By M. Louisa Chittwood.....	227
Her Life in Bloom. A Sequel to "Lenox Dare." By Virginia F. Townsend. Chapters x, xi and xii.....	228
A Castilian Serenade. By May N. Hawley.....	237
Our Travelling Club. By Ella F. Mosby.....	238
Anecdote of Mr. Webster.....	240
Sabbath Bells. By "Kiz".....	240

RELIGIOUS READING.

The Beauty of the Lord. By Rev. Chauncy Giles.....	241
--	-----

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Care of Infants.....	243
----------------------	-----

THE HOME CIRCLE.

Pipsey at Home. By Pipsey Potts.....	244
"A Hard Thing to Die by." By Earneet.....	246
Leaves from the Diary of a Spinster. By Celia Sandford.....	247
Prize a Good Home. By Miriam.....	248
From My Corner. By Lichen.....	248
Home Economics. By Virginia.....	249

WORK FOR HUMANITY.

Ethiopia Stretching out Her Hands. (Illustrated).....	250
---	-----

HOUSEKEEPERS' DEPARTMENT.

Aunt Patty. By Country Cousin.....	251
------------------------------------	-----

FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

(Illustrated).....	252
--------------------	-----

ART AT HOME.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.	253
--------------------------	-----

Stanzas. By F. W. Bourdillon.....	255
-----------------------------------	-----

Spring in Carolina. By Henry Timrod.....	255
--	-----

The Siting of Peter. By H. W. Longfellow.....	255
---	-----

FASHION DEPARTMENT.

Fashions for April.....	256
-------------------------	-----

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

256

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

258

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

260

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST

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247
248
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IN SIGHT OF HOME.—*Page 200.*

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AFTER MANY YEARS.

DEAR MISS LESLIE.—I have tickets for "La Belle Helene" to-night, and will send you. If for any reason you cannot go, send word by my messenger, who will wait for my answer.

Yours truly,

GEORGE BURNSIDE.

"An invitation to the opera this evening," said Miss Leslie, addressing a young lady friend, who was spending the morning with her.

VOL. XLVIII.—15.

"Oh, that will be a treat!" was responded, with enthusiasm. "Who does it come from?"

The color grew warmer in Miss Leslie's face as she replied: "From George Burnsides!"

"Is that so? How long have you known him? He's a splendid fellow," said the friend. "All the girls are crazy after him."

Miss Leslie turned her face aside so as to conceal its expression.

"I quite envy you," added her companion.

"What is the opera?"

"La Belle Helene."

(203)



IN SIGHT OF HOME.—Page 90.

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"Charming! And you will have 'Tostee.'"

"I have seen 'Belle Helene' once and 'Tostee' once," returned Miss Leslie, in a grave voice, "and that is quite enough for me."

"But you are not going to decline Mr. Burnside's invitation?" said the friend, in some surprise.

"I do not wish to see the opera again. I am sorry that I ever saw it. My cheeks are hardly done burning now. And I am sorry Mr. Burnside invited me. I cannot regard it as a compliment."

"Well, well! You are an odd girl! Why the best people in the city go to see opera bouffe. The house is crowded every night."

"Neither the crowding of the house, nor the social standing of the people who go there, alter the character of the performances, or make virtue out of vice," answered Miss Leslie. "And there is a homely old adage, the significance of which should make us hesitate about coming in contact with vile and evil things: 'One cannot touch pitch without being defiled!'"

"Oh! Then you call 'La Belle Helene' a vile and evil thing?"

"Do you call it a good and virtuous thing? Is the life it exhibits, and about which are thrown the charm of music and the color and warmth of sensuous allurement, the life you would introduce into society?"

"You touched this pitch, as you are pleased to call it, and were defiled of course," said the friend, in a tone that was mocking and slightly sarcastic.

"Yes, I touched it, and had my memory defiled by things which I would give much to cast out if that were possible," answered Miss Leslie; "and I shall certainly never touch it again."

"And throw away your chances with George Burnside!"

"Yes; if any such chances exist. No good that has to be reached by an evil way is ever worth attaining."

"Nonsense! you silly Miss Prude! If the best people in town go to the French opera, you and I needn't be over-fastidious."

Miss Leslie did not reply, but turned to the table near which they sat, and, taking up a pen, wrote a brief reply to Mr. Burnside's invitation.

"How will this do?" she asked, and then read:

"DEAR MR. BURNSIDE: Thank you for the invitation to attend the opera to-night. While appreciating the courtesy, I very much regret that I cannot accept your invitation, as the opera is one I do not care to witness again. I give you my true and only reason. "Very truly,

"JENNIE LESLIE."

The friend shook her head and looked disapproval, as she said: "Don't send that, Jennie."

"Why not? It is the simple truth."

"The truth is often the worst thing one can tell."

"What ought I to say?"

"That you regret an engagement which precludes your accepting Mr. Burnside's invitation; that is, if you are silly and prudish enough to persist in declining it."

"I have no engagement; and there is no reason but the one I have given for not sending a favorable reply to his invitation."

"Then don't give any reason at all. He'll think your squeamishness put on—a mere pretense of virtue. Or, may be, worse, will regard you as believing him capable of asking a pure-minded young lady to witness a performance that is open to grave objections when regarded from the standpoint of decency and good morals."

"Thank you for this last suggestion," returned Miss Leslie, as she folded and directed her reply. "Happily, my interest in Mr. Burnside is not such as to make me hesitate about applying a test to his character. He has done just what you say, and if he reads my note as a rebuke, well. It may set him to thinking in a new direction."

"Well, all I have to say is, that you deserve to lose him," remarked the friend, impatiently, as the servant for whom Miss Leslie had rung took the note which she had written and left the room.

There was a look of pleased expectation in the face of Mr. Burnside, a handsome young man of twenty-five, as he received Miss Leslie's note from his messenger; but the light went quickly out of his face—his brows drew together, and his mouth shut tightly. The whole expression of his countenance was changed. He was disappointed, annoyed, and a little angry. He had thrown the note down with an impatient movement. Taking it up, he read it over a second time; and then, as his face cleared a little, he remained in a thoughtful attitude for several minutes. Somehow, the brief sentences read differently. There was a meaning in them not at first perceived. A something that lifted Miss Leslie higher in his regard. He felt their truthfulness and sincerity; and, in spite of his disappointment, could not but admire her decision of character and approve of her conduct.

Mr. Burnside went to the opera that night alone. Not that he expected to enjoy the music and acting; but he had tickets, and could think of no more desirable way of spending the evening. It would be dreary staying at home with nothing to do but brood over his disappointment, which was greater than he was willing to acknowledge even to himself. He had only recently made the acquaintance of Jennie Leslie, and her many personal attractions impressed him strongly. The rare beauty and peculiar style of her face, every feature of which was exquisitely cut; and espe-

cially its grave sweetness, if we may use the expression, when in repose, had become already so clearly imaged in his mind, as to make her an almost living presence. And he had not only begun to separate this face from all other faces; but the woman also, whose character and quality it revealed.

The opera had commenced, and Mr. Burnside was making an effort to bring under control his wandering thoughts and fix them upon the acting and characters, when, lifting his eyes to one of the proscenium boxes, he saw two ladies, whom he recognized. They had just entered, and were still standing, the elder of the two leaning a little forward, and carefully surveying the house as if in search of some one. At length her eyes rested upon the young man, when there was a quick change in the expression of her face, a glance of pleased recognition, and a sign, which he understood. When the curtain fell upon the first act, Mr. Burnside left his seat in the balcony, and joined the ladies, receiving a very cordial greeting from the elder of the two, but one more distant from the younger, a tall, graceful girl with a refined and sensitive face, and a manner somewhat cold and reserved.

They were a Mrs. and Miss Archambolt—mother and daughter. The family of the Archambolts was one of the first in social position, and numbered among its ancestry a fair proportion of distinguished representatives, honorable as well as dishonorable. The "blood" was held to be of the finest in the State; though it must be confessed, that, in passing through the veins of some members of the family, it had been badly corrupted. The two representatives of this family now introduced to the reader were the widow and only daughter of Joshua Archambolt, who had come into the possession of a handsome estate at the death of his father, but which he had managed to waste in extravagant living, costly pleasures and profitless speculations. Dying in the very prime of manhood from a disease brought on by excesses in eating and drinking, he left no memories of good deeds or useful service behind him. Men shrugged their shoulders at his grave, and thought of what he might have been. But for a small fortune in her own right, his widow would have been left penniless.

Mrs. Archambolt was a proud and ambitious woman, and the one purpose of her life was to secure such an alliance for her daughter as would give them wealth again, and so restore them to the old social status, which had been in a measure lost; for without money it is impossible to maintain an advanced place in the circle where she was ambitious to move. In George Burnside, the son of a wealthy merchant, and a young man who had come safely through the perils that lie so thickly along the paths which the sons of rich men

in all our large cities have to tread, she saw the one who, above all others, she desired to see the husband of her daughter. His manliness of character and freedom from the self-indulgence and vices into which so many young men fall were additional reasons for securing an alliance, if possible. Her own life-experience had been too sad and humiliating not to make her anxious that in her daughter's case there should be a husband who, to wealth and social standing, could add strength and manliness of character, and a sustaining purpose in life. And these she saw united in young Burnside, who had already taken his place as an active partner in his father's business.

The daughter, Alice Archambolt, resembled her mother in many things; and especially in her pride, selfishness and ambition. But she was weaker in character, and self-indulgent like her father.

Her style of beauty was almost faultlessness. You thought of a finely-cut statue as you looked at her; though the play of the sensitive mouth made you aware that the statue had conscious life and feeling.

Miss Leslie was the orphan niece of a lady whose social standing was in every way equal to that of the Archambolts. She had a small income from the remnant of a nearly-exhausted estate which came to her at the death of her father. For genuine refinement, and all the charms that make a true, sweet, lovable woman, Miss Leslie was in every way superior to Miss Archambolt. Her beauty was of a different style. It was winning and captivating. You saw the heart-beat of a living soul in her face, and thought less of the classic purity of the lineaments than of the feeling and sentiment they expressed.

At their very first meeting, Mr. Burnside had felt a movement of his heart toward Miss Leslie; and every subsequent meeting with the fair girl only served to deepen the impression then made. On her part a like interest had been awakened; but she had laid her hand resolutely upon her heart and kept down the quickening pulses. All of her impressions in regard to the young man were favorable, and the more she saw of him, the more she admired his character. He was so unlike most of the men she met in society.

Nothing of this mutual interest lay between Mr. Burnside and Miss Archambolt. Up to this time they had treated each other with that polite and courteous bearing which veils, but only half-conceals, indifference. But the state of feeling into which Miss Leslie's note had thrown Mr. Burnside—a state of mingled annoyance and displeasure—left him more open to attractive influences in a new direction, and these were now brought to bear upon him. Mrs. Archambolt was a very clear-seeing, politic woman, and a close reader of character and mental emotions. She knew that

her daughter cared nothing for Mr. Burnside. That her heart, so far as any sentiment of love had been awakened, was interested in another. But Mrs. Archambolt was far from being satisfied with her daughter's preference. There had been a growing intimacy between her and a young man of fashion and idle habits, the progress of which the mother had watched with no little concern. Of late, there were signs of coldness on his part, and this evening he was at the opera in company with another young lady, toward whom he was very gracious in his attentions.

As Mrs. Archambolt entered the stage-box, and looked down upon the audience, she was quick to discover this young man, and as quick to take in the situation. She knew, with a woman's intuition, the effect which would be produced in the mind of her daughter, who had a full share of her own sensitive pride; and she resolved, the moment she saw Mr. Burnside sitting alone in the audience, to let him know, by signs which he could not misunderstand, that it would be agreeable to herself and her daughter if he would come to their box.

Piqued at seeing the only man for whom she had entertained anything beyond a friendly interest devoted to a girl whom she regarded as far inferior to herself, Miss Archambolt fell readily into the humor of her mother, and assumed an air of cordiality toward Mr. Burnside which was out of all harmony with her feelings. But she acted so well, that the young man was deceived. Her fine spirits, which were assumed; the glow, and light, and beauty of her face; the charm of her facile manner, and the brilliant sparkle of her conversation—all combined to bewilder and fascinate him, and to leave in his memory of her a new and pleasant impression. The cordial invitation of Mrs. Archambolt to visit them was accepted and on the very next evening he called and was received with a warm and flattering welcome from the mother, and as graceful and charming a one from the daughter, who had made up her mind that, in view of the present state of uncertainty in regard to another, it would not be politic to weaken the impression which had evidently been made on Mr. Burnside.

An incident, slight in itself, often gives the diverging point that separates two lives, which, to all human appearances, would have been happier if they had flowed together. Between George Burnside and Jennie Leslie there was an inner harmony and fitness for each other; but between George Burnside and Alice Archambolt, no relation of character or disposition that gave any basis for a happy union. And yet, drawn on by influences which he followed blindly, but against which something within set itself in perpetual opposition, the young man was induced to offer himself in marriage to Miss Archambolt, who, under pressure from her mother, accepted the proposal. As for

love in any true sense, it had no existence on either side. Miss Archambolt did not attempt any self-deception as to her own feelings. The step she consented to take was simply prudential. It would give her wealth, and make secure the social position which she felt herself in some danger of losing. The marriage would simply be one of convenience.

When too late to recede with honor, Mr. Burnside saw that he had committed a fatal mistake. Two or three days after his formal betrothal to Miss Archambolt, he met Jennie Leslie at an evening party. He saw her before she saw him. She was in a circle of two or three ladies, talking with animation; and he watched the play and expression of her fine countenance, which had never seemed to him half so lovely as now, with an admiration that sent a pang of pain instead of a glow of pleasure to his heart. Turning his eyes away, they rested for a moment on the face of Miss Archambolt. Its coldness hurt and repelled him; and the thought of going through life with this woman as the companion of his soul caused a shiver to run along his nerves. He looked again toward Miss Leslie. And now their eyes met, and he saw the color grow deeper in her face, over which ran changes of expression that his heart was swift to read.

Too late! Too late! It was the sudden, bitter cry of his heart—a cry, the echo of which sounded through its dreary chambers in the after years of a life made desolate through defect of love.

Happily for Jennie Leslie, her heart was not deeply involved. If Mr. Burnside had presented himself as a wooer, the task of winning would have been easy. His failing to visit her again after the refusal to go with him to the French opera, she attributed to pique or wounded pride; and she had her natural regret that, in being true to herself and the purer instincts of her nature, she had given offense to a man whom she could not but highly respect, and for whom it would be easy to have a deeper feeling. Of course, the announcement, which came not long afterward, that Mr. Burnside and Miss Archambolt were engaged, settled all questions in regard to him in the mind of Miss Leslie; though it could not extinguish a certain feeling of regard the existence of which cast a shadow on her spirits, and burdened it with the vague sense of an irreparable loss.

A wedding in a fashionable church, with imposing ceremonies; a richly dressed, but cold and impassive bride; a brilliant reception and newspaper eclat; and then a drifting out upon the troubled sea of life, on which two souls sailed together without chart or compass, until shipwreck came, and one went down into the depths of infamy, while the other, hurt and exhausted, found himself once more with his feet on solid ground.

How long a time had passed! It seemed like a century to George Burnside. There had been more than a dozen years of an inharmonious life, during which two souls, bound together in the closest external union, lived inwardly in an antagonism that was hopeless of reconciliation—the one sensitive to every movement, and impressive to chill or warmth; the other cold and unsympathetic; the one true to honor and full of noble impulses; the other false to principle, morally weak and meanly selfish. At last the end came; bonds were broken—rent in dishonor and disgrace; and there was a fugitive wife and a desolate home. Then the law came in and gave its decree of release, and Mr. Burnside found himself at the age of forty, with "failure" written all over the walls of the solitary chambers of his soul.

And what of Jennie Leslie? Had they met during these years? No. Another suitor, not so worthy to win her, had gained a half-reluctant consent to wed, and carried her away as a bride to a far distant city; and Mr. Burnside had neither seen nor heard of her since. If he thought of her at any time, it was with a half-sad, half-regretful feeling; or with the movement of something tender in his nature; or with a vague and yearning sense of an irreparable loss.

One day, in a Western city where business had called him, he was passing along an avenue that stretched out into the handsome suburbs of the town, when a face at one of the windows of a small, neat-looking cottage startled him with its familiar expression. It was the sweet, grave face of a girl not over fifteen. His pause and earnest gaze caused the girl to move back quickly and disappear from the window.

"I have certainly seen that face before!" he said, as he passed onward. "Whose can it be?"

But he tried in vain to identify it with that of any one whom he knew or had met. After walking for a short distance, he turned back and came slowly past the cottage where he had seen the girl, hoping to get sight of her again. Just as he came opposite the window, it was suddenly thrown open, and he saw the face once more, but pale and frightened now, and there was a cry for help from the quivering lips.

To pass through the open door was the work of a moment. On entering the small parlor, he found a woman lying on the floor, and the girl he had an instant before seen at the window bending over and trying to raise her up.

Lifting the prostrate form in his arms, Mr. Burnside laid it upon the sofa, from which it had evidently fallen, and as the white face was turned upward he was struck by its strange familiarity.

All the means of restoration which Mr. Burnside could think of were promptly used, and it was not long before signs of returning animation were visible. The white, pure face, into which the

living soul was coming back, where had he seen it before? Soon the dark lashes, which lay so still upon the colorless cheeks, began to stir, and their fringes to lift. There was a movement of the shut lips, and a murmur of speech; and as Mr. Burnside bent and listened for the half-inarticulate words that were coming through them, he heard the name of "Leslie," and then the quick response of the girl! "What is it, mother, dear?"

Leslie! Leslie! It all came back to him! It was as if a veil had been suddenly drawn aside. Leslie! Jennie Leslie! Yes, it was even so. And this was their meeting after these many years—years of bitter suffering and disappointment on one side, and of trial and discipline on the other—years in which there had been quickened in the hearts of both the germs of a higher life than it is possible to live until the soul begins to draw breath from purer atmospheres than lie close about the earth.

The moment this recognition took place on the part of Mr. Burnside, an instinct of delicacy and prudence caused him to move away, lest the recognition should be mutual. A neighbor coming in at the time, gave him an opportunity to withdraw, which he did without observation, and went back to his hotel in a state of bewilderment and agitation, which he vainly endeavored to repress. In the daughter he had seen restored the beauty, and sweetness, and peculiar charm of the mother. It was as if a hand had turned a leaf in the book of his memory which had been folded down for years, and the beautiful face it bore looked up at him again, with every line and expression as clear and perfect as when it was first imprinted there. How the old admiration quickened, and the old attraction drew upon his heart! What did it mean? Had he indeed loved with so deep and hidden a passion the pure minded girl, from whom he turned away, drawn by the specious flatteries and attentions of an ambitious mother, and the counterfeit allurements of her weak, proud and heartless daughter?

It was sometime before this disturbed condition had subsided far enough to enable Mr. Burnside to think clearly. He then proceeded to make inquiry about his former acquaintance, and learned that she was a widow, and that she was endeavoring to support herself and only child by means of a small trade in ladies' wear and fancy goods, the custom for which was being gradually drawn away by the larger variety of goods and more showy attractions of a new establishment in the immediate vicinity of her little store. The confinement and overwork of business, and the fear and anxiety occasioned by the steady loss of custom and shrinking of trade, until the profits scarcely paid for rent and a single assistant, had brought its too sure consequences—nervous exhaustion and failing health. A threatening letter from her landlord,

to whom half a year's rent was due, had brought on a violent headache, and sent her home blind with pain and sick to faintness.

With all this, Mr. Burnside had made himself acquainted before the day went down.

"Try, mamma, dear! You must take something."

Leslie Coleman had brought a cup of tea and some tempting delicacy for her mother, who, on recovering from the fainting fit, was too weak to sit up. The night had closed in, and they were alone. Thus urged, Mrs. Coleman (that was the name she now bore) made an effort to eat. After taking a few mouthfuls, she sunk back again upon the pillows from which she had raised herself, and closed her eyes wearily. How pale and wasted the features which had once been so full of affluent life! How freely had the years, in passing, scattered through her dark hair their wintery tokens!

"Just a little more, mamma dear! You have eaten nothing all day."

Mrs. Coleman shook her head. "I can't swallow it, darling."

The girl turned away with a grieved and troubled face, and after placing the tray on a table came back to the bed, and, sitting down, took one of her mother's hands and held it closely. For a long time neither of them spoke. At length, opening her eyes, and turning them with a look of interest and inquiry upon her daughter, Mrs. Coleman said: "The gentleman was an entire stranger, you said?"

"Yes, mamma. I never saw him before."

"And you say he stopped, and looked as if he were going to speak?"

"Yes; and his face lighted up for an instant all over. It made me feel so strangely; and I got away as quickly as I could."

"And when I fainted, and you ran, frightened, to the window to call for help, he was there again?"

"Yes; and he came in and raised you from the floor and laid you on the sofa. And when he looked into your face it seemed to me that he gave a start; and then he was so quick to say what must be done, and worked to bring you to in such an earnest, gentle, almost tender way, as if he were of our own flesh and blood! And when you were coming to and called my name, I saw him start again. And he turned and looked at me in a stranger way than ever."

"What kind of a look was it, dear?" The voice was less feeble, and the head lifted away from the pillow.

"I can hardly tell, mamma. But it had wonder in it, as if he had known or seen me long ago, and was surprised at finding me here. Then he looked down at you, and did not let me see his face again. As soon as Mrs. Baldwin came in, he went away, not speaking to any one."

"How old a man was he?" The question came after a brief silence.

"He wasn't a young man. His hair was turning gray."

After another pause. "Was he tall?"

"Yes, I think so—but I was so frightened and confused."

"Dark or light complexion?"

"Dark," was the girl's answer.

What had so excited the mother's interest? Was the thought of her, which was filling the mind of Mr. Burnside, and going out toward her on the subtle spiritual atmosphere by which soul has communion with soul, penetrating her consciousness, and giving him presence to her inner sight? It was even so!

As she lay now with her eyes closed again, and her face turned toward the light, the girl could see that a change was passing over it, and that a new expression was coming into every feature, softening, warming and giving life where deep pallor and the rigid lines of gathering despair had rested a little while before.

"Who is it, dear?"

Leslie had gone down to answer the door-bell. Mrs. Coleman was sitting up in bed, and there was a look of almost eager inquiry on her face.

"A boy left this letter for you."

She took the letter and broke it open with hands that trembled. What was she thinking about? Why this eagerness and agitation? The envelope contained only a bill. It was from her landlord. Her heart fell from hope to despair; but bounded again as quickly into relief and joy, for to the bill had been added a receipt in full.

"I do not understand it, dear," she said, in a choking voice, and with eyes running over, as she handed the bill to her daughter. "But God has put it into somebody's heart to care for us."

All that night Mrs. Coleman lay between sleeping and waking, her thoughts too busy to let oblivion wrap her senses in unconsciousness. And what were the tenor of her thoughts? They were ever coming back to this stranger, and always identifying him with Mr. Burnside, and dealing in hopes and fancies which reason told her were vain and baseless, but which she could not banish from her mind. She knew something of the history of his married life, and of its sad termination years before.

Morning found Mrs. Coleman with fresh life in her veins, and with something so new in her face that even the daughter wondered when she looked into it. There was an air of expectancy about her. In dressing herself, she had given more than usual care to her personal appearance; and the difference in her whole aspect was so great that Leslie said to her admiringly: "How beautiful you look this morning, mamma!"

A few hours later, when Mr. Burnside looked

into the face of the only woman he had ever really admired, or for whom any true sentiment of love had ever stirred in his heart, his thought of her took very nearly the same form of words. Though the glow of youth had faded, and the face and form, moulded so exquisitely, had lost much of their spring-time loveliness, the higher beauty of her soul shone into and through them, and gave to the woman a truer and tenderer grace than even her sweet young maidenhood revealed.

"After these many years!" It was three months later, and Mr. Burnside, now in the home which had long been empty and desolate, stood holding the hand and gazing intently into the face of a woman whose whitening hair showed her to have passed the meridian of life. His voice expressed the deepest satisfaction.

And the words were echoed in the heart that was beating close to his; and she who might have been the long-ago partner and blessing of his life, had he been wise enough to have chosen her, laid her head against his manly breast and murmured, in restful tones: "Yes, after these many years; thanks to the good God!"

IRENE L.—.

THE QUAKER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE following story is told of Isaac T. Hopper on his visit to England:

At Westminster Abbey he paid the customary fee of two shillings and sixpence for admission. The doorkeeper followed him, saying: "You must uncover yourself, sir."

"Uncover myself!" exclaimed the Friend, with an affection of ignorant simplicity. "What dost thou mean? Must I take off my coat?"

"Your coat!" responded the man, smiling. "No, indeed; I mean your hat."

"And what should I take off my hat for?" he inquired.

"Because you are in a church, sir," answered the doorkeeper. "I see no church here," rejoined the Quaker; "perhaps thou meanest the house where the church assembles? I suppose thou art aware that it is the *people*, and not the *building*, that constitutes a church?"

The idea seemed new to the man, but he merely repeated: "You must take off your hat, sir."

But the Friend again inquired: "What for? On account of these images? Thou knowest Scripture commands us not to worship graven images."

The man persisted in saying that no person could be allowed to pass through the church without uncovering his head.

"Well, friend," rejoined Isaac, "I have some conscientious scruples on that subject; so give me back my money and I will go out."

The reverential habits of the doorkeeper were not strong enough to compel him to that sacrifice, and he walked away without saying anything more.

DER MEISTER SÄNGER.

A H, well, he holds his royal seat
 Apart in cloud-cool air,
 A through the heavy hours of heat,
 Of clangor, dust and glare;
 He is not bowed, like one of us, with pain, or
 grief, or care.

Nay, brothers—save the gods came down
 To be our very kin;
 And wore our sharp thorns in their crown,
 What worship should they win
 From us, whose sense is bound and dulled by cum-
 bering flesh and sin?

So is the singer skilled and wise
 Our human souls to please,
 Not oft the heavenly art he plies
 In pleasant bower of ease;
 But in our grievous yokes attunes his wondrous
 harmonies.

I know not if he left behind
 The songs of his own sphere;
 Or if its subtle strains do find
 The blossom's secret ear,
 And, winding through its fragrant cells, her holy
 bosom cheer.

May chance he holdeth converse soft
 With murmuring brook and tree;
 May chance he hath communings oft
 With earth, and air, and sea;
 But in mine own familiar tongue the Master speaks
 with me.

More sweet than any robin dear,
 The spring's first carol sings—
 Is he, in darkful times of fear,
 The song of hope who brings;
 It always is the Master's voice with gladsome
 tidings rings.

I speak a mightier minstrel's praise
 Than classic bards sublime;
 Yet, whom I crown with poet's bays
 Ne'er "builds the polished rhyme;"
 Diviner art the Master knows to charm this heart
 of mine.

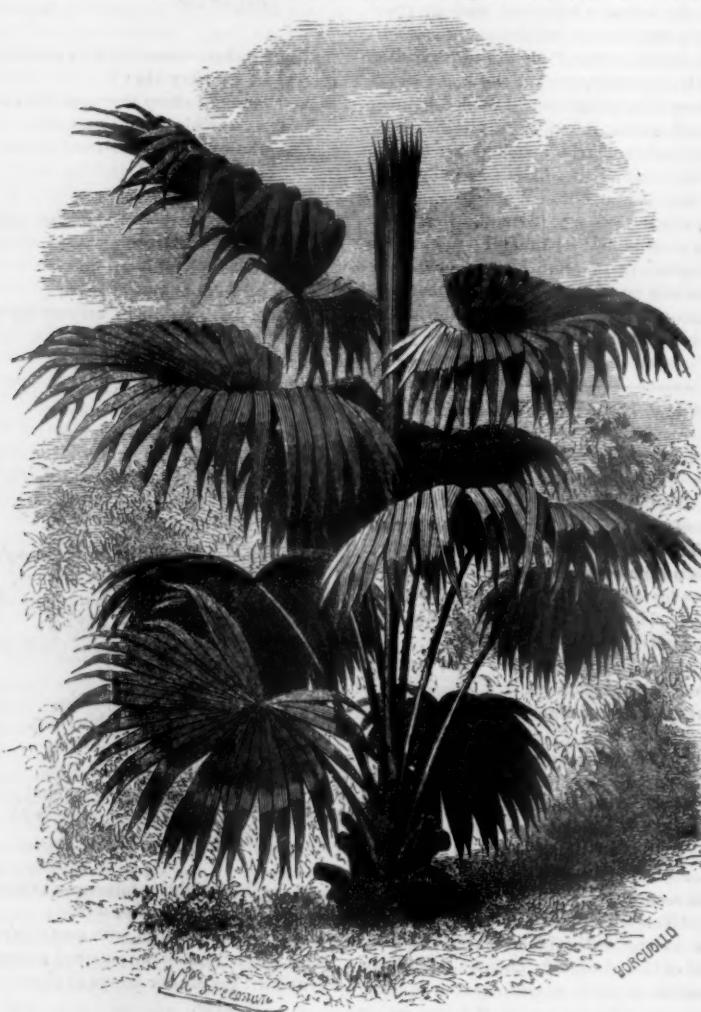
And Him, though haughty fame refuse,
 Who 'guiles my simple ear,
 From heights eterne the highest muse
 Delighted bents to hear;
 Who, when His *little ones* are pleased, Himself
 doth share their cheer.

HARRIETTE WOOD.

THE LATANIA BORBONICA.

ONE of the most beautiful little islands in the world is Bourbon, or Réunion, in the Indian Ocean, four hundred miles east of Madagascar. It belongs to France, and lies quite out of the track of vessels going from one country to another, and were it not for its neighbor Mauritius

same color. The leaves are used for roofing the cottages or cabins, and a very poor resistance they offer to the tropical rains that descend incessantly during six months of every year. They make capital fans, screens and even umbrellas. Walking sticks cut from the stem are particularly light, and capable of taking a high polish. The leaf-stalks are split into fibres, from which the women



at a distance of ninety miles, would be even less known than it is. The rich, volcanic soil is well watered by springs and cascades, and produces the most luxuriant vegetation, conspicuous among which is the *Latania Borbonica*, an indigenous palm of the Borassine, Tala or Palmyra tribe. It is but of moderate size; all its leaves are fan-shaped, the flowers yellow, and the drupes of the

and children plait the baskets and bags in which the sugar and fine Mocha-like coffee raised in the island are exported. The fleshy part of the fruit is astringent, the kernel bitter and purgative when used as a drug, while, according to French physicians, the sap is possessed of remarkably anti-scorbutic properties. A similar palm is exclusively found in Mauritius, but it is smaller in

every respect, and from the red color of its leaves is called *Latania rubra*.

The Tala, of which the foregoing are varieties, grows all over Hindostan, where it is highly valued on account of the vinous sap and the sugar which is extracted from it. When full grown the trunk is from twenty-five to forty feet high, and is perceptibly thicker at the base than at the top. The spiny leaves are about four feet long, divided into seventy or eighty rays, the largest of which are in the middle, and mounted on stalks quite as long as themselves. The fruit is as big as a child's head, with a thick, brownish rind, containing three seeds the size of a goose-egg, filled with gray pulp, which when they are young is sweet and refreshing, but becomes insipid and uneatable if left on the tree till ripe.

The method of obtaining the sap of this palm is by crushing the young inflorescence and amputating the upper half; the lower is then tied to a leaf-stalk, and has a bamboo vessel attached to its end, which gradually fills with sap, and is removed every morning. When it is replaced a fresh slice is cut off the wounded end of the inflorescence, and this operation is repeated daily till the whole of the raceme is sliced away. This liquor when fresh is said to be similar to champagne, and forms the staple of a perniciously strong, intoxicating spirit. When sugar is to be made from it, the inside of the bamboo receiver into which it flows is powdered with lime to prevent fermentation; the juice is then boiled down, and finally dried by being exposed to smoke in little baskets.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

THIS name is given to a group of twelve islands in the North Pacific, between Mexico and China, extending three hundred and sixty miles in a curve from north-west to south-east. Their total area is six thousand one hundred square miles, of which two-thirds are included in the principal island, Hawaii. They are of volcanic formation and mountainous, the fertile lands being mostly confined to the valleys and to a belt of alluvial soil on the shore. The uplands are better adapted to grazing than to tillage. The mountains, covered with dense forests, are not tillable. The windward coasts, which receive the north-east trade winds, intercept the rain and are fertile, while the leeward parts of the same island may be almost rainless.

Only seven of the islands are inhabited. Hawaii, the most eastern, is of a triangular shape, and is of most recent formation; it consists of a sloping belt of coast-land, a central plateau, and three principal mountains, namely: Mauna Kea, Mauna Loa, an active volcano, and Mauna Hualalai. In no part of the island can one journey

far without seeing extinct craters, generally overgrown with luxuriant vegetation. Many hundred square miles of Hawaii are covered with recent



and barren lavas. Near the shore the natives cultivate sweet potatoes upon lavas that are hardly

cooled. Earthquakes, generally slight, occur frequently upon Hawaii, but not so often on the other islands. Kilauea is the largest continually active crater in the world. It is situated on the eastern part of Mauna Loa, at an elevation of three thousand nine hundred and seventy feet, and is a pit of eight miles in circumference, and a thousand feet in depth. Its eruptions are usually independent of those on the summit. The crater is easily descended, and melted lava may be dipped out. Herds of wild cattle roam in the mountain forests, and they are hunted for the sake of their hides.

Oahu, the fourth island, has fertile plains upon the north and south sides. The latter are the best cultivated, the most populous region in the whole group. The capital, Honolulu, is here situated. It has an excellent harbor, protected by a barrier of coral reef, and affords safe anchorage and great facilities for the discharging of cargoes, and is easy of access from all quarters. Hilo, on the north-east side of Hawaii, has a good harbor, which, with proper wharves, would be an excellent one.

The climate is healthful and remarkably equable, so much so that the Hawaiian language has no word to express the general idea of the weather. Extreme heat and cold are never known, the mean temperature being seventy-five degrees. June is the warmest month, and January the coldest and most dreary. On the windward side of the islands, the climate is rougher, and the rain-fall most abundant. Much of the scenery is extremely beautiful. The fauna is small, consisting mostly of swine, dogs, rats and domestic fowl. There are few singing-birds, but many with beautiful plumage. The chief vegetable productions of the Sandwich Islands are cocoanuts, bananas, bread fruit, sugar, rice, coffee, cotton, sandal-wood, tobacco, arrow-root, wheat, maize, tapioca, oranges, lemons, tamarinds, guava, potatoes, yams and pulu—a fibre from the tree-fern.

The Sandwich Islands are favorably situated for a great naval and commercial station, being on the route of the United States steamers plying between California and China and Japan, and of the English steamers sailing between Australia and San Francisco. The government is a constitutional monarchy, vested in a king; a council, of which the governors of the several islands are members, and four responsible ministers. The right of suffrage is permitted to every man who can read and write, and who has an income of seventy-five dollars a year. Persons of foreign birth, chiefly American, hold high offices under the government. The constitution is modeled after that of the United States, and was mainly the work of Chief Justice Lee, a resident American.

In the year 1820, the first American missionaries arrived in the island. King Kanahameha IV was friendly to their proposed work, and the

islands rapidly assumed the appearance of a civilized country. Churches and schools flourished to such an extent, that it may be said of the islands now that they are thoroughly Christianized, that every inhabitant can read and write, and that life and property are as secure here as anywhere in the world. It remains a sad fact, however, that with the virtues of civilization, the vices also prevail.

The people of the Hawaiian islands have tawny complexions, dark, wavy hair, large eyes, somewhat flattened noses and full lips. They are gentle and child-like in disposition, and exhibit a surprising degree of adaptability. They are excellent swimmers and huntmen, and show a decided genius for mathematics and music, most of them being able to sing with much sweetness. Their language is composed, for the greater part, of vowels, their ears being rather dull in detecting differences in consonant sounds. Every sound used by them may be expressed in an alphabet of twelve letters. The race of original inhabitants seems to be dying out, mainly on account of their ignorance and neglect of hygienic laws, and foreign inter-marriages, causing a large proportion of half-breeds.

Our illustration gives us a view of the city of Honolulu. On entering the harbor it presents a very picturesque appearance. A chain of lofty hills stretching from the north-west to the south-east, is the most prominent object inland. The low-roofed houses, surrounded by the bright, tropical foliage, the clear sky, the smooth water, the active boats skimming about the harbor, make up a striking and pleasing picture.

STOPPED WORRYING AND BEGAN TO LAUGH.

A CLERICAL friend, at a celebrated watering-place, met a lady who seemed hovering on the brink of the grave. Her cheeks were hollow and wan, her manner listless, her step languid, and her brow wore the severe contraction so indicative both of mental and physical suffering, so that she was to all observers an object of sincere pity.

Some years afterward he encountered this same lady; but so bright, and fresh, and youthful, so full of healthful buoyancy, and so joyous in expression, that he questioned the lady if he had not deceived himself with regard to identity.

"Is it possible," said he, "that I see before me Mrs. B—, who presented such a doleful appearance at the Springs several years ago?"

"The very same."

"And pray tell me, madam, the secret of your cure. What means did you use to attain to such vigor of mind and body, to such cheerfulness and rejuvenation?"

"A very simple remedy," returned she, with a beaming face. "I stopped worrying and began to laugh; that was all."

"NOBODY."

PART I.

A CITY WAIF.

A LONDON street on a damp, rainy evening; the street in the neighborhood of St. Giles; the evening drawing on into a December night. No honest snow falling, but a sneaking, insidious, stealthy, soaking rain—no, not even rain, the word is too good for it. It is something that is neither rain, nor sleet, nor hail, but would have you think it is all three, while it makes you wet through under false pretences. Nobody about on such an evening as this. Scarcely anybody; only a ragged and very dirty boy, crouched down against a post. Oh, that! He is nobody. Yes, nobody's about. Stay; surely here is some one striding manfully through the slush. Some one, too, in respectable clothes, with a hat and umbrella—ah, yes, somebody is out this evening, for the coat and the hat constitute largely the difference between the somebodies and the nobodies. Somebody is hurrying past the post when he hears a groan. Being an exceptional Somebody, he stops, and with difficulty making out that there is a living creature huddled up at the post's foot, bends down and says, not urgently: "Hullo! what's the matter?"

"I'm cold," says Nobody, his very voice that sounds old—so old—shivering!

"Why don't you go home, my man?" asks Somebody.

"Got no home."

"Where's your father?"

"Ain't got none."

"Where's your mother?"

"Dunno."

Again an exceptional Somebody, for he asks no more questions, but, reaching down a long arm, lifts Nobody on to his feet, and begins hurrying him away under his sheltering umbrella.

"You let me alone, can't yer?" cries Nobody, wrestling violently, with chin burrowing into his breast, as is the manner of his kind. "I ain't done nothing to yer."

To poor Nobody, who is of Ishmaelitish tendencies, believing that every man's hand is against him, Somebody, never losing his hold nor stopping, explains that he means him well, and is but taking him home.

"'Ome!" says Nobody, still resisting. "I ain't got no 'ome, I tell yer."

"I am taking you to my home."

"Yourn! Oh, you be blowed!"

But his captor declines to be "blowed," whatever that may mean, and hurries him on; poor Nobody, ever a waif and stray whom any current of the weakest can carry with it, gives up resistance, and shuffles along mystified, yielding himself to his fate, as in a dream.

Home is soon reached, and Nobody half-stumbles, is half-carried, into a warm room, and is wholly pushed into an easy-chair by the fire, from which easy-chair, but for his weakness and astonishment, he would most undoubtedly have risen again like a ragged Jack-in-the-box, for its softness and springiness are such novelties to him in connection with anything to be sat upon that he is almost alarmed. But he sits still watching his new friend lighting the gas, and stirring up the fire, and busying himself about the room. A ragged figure this Nobody—ragged in dress, which dress is indeed more akin to that of a scarecrow than a human being's. Ragged, too, is poor Nobody with respect to all that moral clothing that the Somebodies and Nobodies both came into the world with; that moral clothing of self-respect, and truthfulness, and purity, and other like Heaven-worn garments; that moral clothing which we Somebodies—for we are, of course, all Somebodies here—imagine we keep so unspotted and so untorn, seeing not, in our pious upraising of eyes at the shameful way in which the Nobodies are tearing and bemiring theirs, how filthy a tattered rag we ourselves are all too frequently clothed in. Poor Nobodies! torn and dirty truly are the robes wherein Heaven dressed your minds and souls, but never surely irretrievably gone, as indeed we see when the Somebodies stop raising their eyes, and taking to raise their hands, teach you better things.

Ragged, unwashed, uncombed, with a wild look of a hunted animal in his eyes, incessantly shivering even in this warm room, with hands that wander up and down, to and fro, furtively picking at his rags—this is Nobody. At length he speaks to his captor, who is silently preparing tea.

"I say, mate, wot are you a doin' of?" His voice is terribly weak, and hoarse, and uncertain. The other looks up and replies cheerfully: "Getting you some tea."

"Wot! getting me some grub? Get out with you."

"I am, I assure you."

"Wot for?"

"For you to eat, of course."

He pauses on this reply for a few moments, then he resumes: "I say, mate, wot are you so jolly kind to me for? I never done nuffin for you."

His companion takes a book from the mantelpiece, turns over a few pages, and places it open before Nobody, who stares vacantly at it, then turns his head away with a half sob, and grumbles out: "I dunno how to read."

"You shall soon learn if all be well. Let me read my reason for showing you kindness from this book: 'For' (Matt. xviii, 10) 'I say unto you, That in Heaven *their angels* do always behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven.'"

"Their *angels*," says Nobody, trying to raise

himself, but falling back exhausted; "whose hangels?"

"The children's," answered his friend.

"Wot, the kids?"

"Yes."

"I'm a kid, ain't I?"

"Yes. How old are you?"

"Ten."

His companion started; the boy looked sixteen at least in the face.

Nobody resumed: "Ave I got a hangel?"

"Yes."

"Wot! up in 'evin?"

"Yes. Do you know what Heaven is?"

"O Lor', yes. I've 'eered lots about it. There's music, and flowers, and stars, and everybody's very good and very clean, and's got lots to eat. But you're sure I've a hangel, mate?"

"Yes, quite sure."

"Wot! a lady with white wings and a long white dress? Oh, my! what does she do for her living?"

"She is always looking at God."

"Wot! ain't she feared to do that?"

"No; she is pure and good."

"I say, mate, if I got pure and good could I look at Him?"

"Yes."

"Wot! without blinking?"

"Yes."

"Oh, my! wot else does my hangel do?"

"She is always looking at you."

"Does she see me looking so ragged as this?"

"Yes."

"Do you think she ever saw me prig?"

"Yes."

"Oh, my!"

"But you knew that God saw you always?"

"Yes, but I didn't think He troubled 'is 'ed about me. I say, does she hear me, too, mate?"

"Yes."

"Wot! 'ear me swear?"

"Yes."

"Oh Lor'! I'll never swear no more."

By this time his new friend, who has not, like too many people, allowed his talking to interfere with his working, has got tea ready, and throwing open a folding door, he invites Nobody to come into the bed-room and wash. Whether it be on account of his weakness, or of the inherent affection for being dirty peculiar to his race, Nobody declines.

"No, I don't want to wash, mate." But a thought comes across his mind, and he adds: "Wait a bit, though! You're sure I've a hangel, mate?"

"Sure."

"And she's clean, ain't she?"

"Yes."

"Then blow me if I won't be clean, too!"

And he makes an effort to rise, but he is powerless, and once more falls back into his seat. His friend is at his side directly.

"My poor boy! I'd no idea you were so badly as this. You are really ill!"

"Well, I do feel a bit queer, mate," the weak, laboring voice makes answer; "I'm so cold outside and so 'ot in."

"You will feel better when you've had something to eat and drink and—"

"Yes, but, mate, I wants to wash, you know; I'm not going to have my hangel ashamed of me."

"I'll help you across," his entertainer answers, and leaning on his strong arm Nobody slowly, painfully traverses the room—so slowly, so painfully, that his companion sees and does the best thing for him—he gets him into bed as soon as he has washed him; and so poor Nobody is lying, for the first time, in a comfortable bed, yet hardly conscious of the fact, so broken down is this poor city waif.

PART II.

DID THE DREAM COME TRUE?

SOMEBODY now provided Nobody with some tea and nourishing food; but these Nobody refused, saying: "I don't want no grub, nor no nothing except a little water."

The doctor sent for was hardly noticed, but that gentleman notices him very carefully, and, emerging from the bed-room, gives that one ominous shake of the head that is, as it were, a death warrant. He prescribes, of course, but shakes his head again in doing so, and says there is little hope; the boy is down with fever, bad living, cold, wet, night air, no clothes, dirt—all that sort of thing. So he departs, not an unfeeling man, but used to this kind of case, which is one presenting no novelty to him.

Somebody sits up with Nobody all night. He is at first a little delirious, but this wears off, and he begins to doze. Waking with a sudden start, he puts his hand on his friend's, and says, with indescribable earnestness: "You're sure I've a hangel." Receiving an affirmative answer, he gives a half-sigh as of satisfaction, and soon falls asleep.

And while sleeping thus he dreamed that he was wandering over a very rough and muddy plain, and was so weary, when at length he came to a lovely garden. He entered in, and saw no more of the dirty, rough way he had come. Here there was softest grass to tread upon, every step whereon pressed out the sweetest possible fragrance from the myriads of fair flowers that lay like so many stars in a firmament of green, like so many gems set in emerald. Not only on the ground were the flowers, but indeed everywhere, and of every kind. There were violets like little pieces of a summer sky dotted about; there were roses red as true love's lips; there were lilies white as the sea-foam.

Then there were trees of all sorts, some stately, some humble, some lofty, some drooping low in sweeping gracefulness, but all beautiful. They were twining their green boughs lovingly together, and whispering softly to one another and to the breeze that stepped lightly over their swaying summits, or stole through their gently-moving leaves with a murmuring sound like the song of a far-away sea. Then the air was bright with a golden glory, and laden with a thousand loveliest scents, and resonant with the rustling of a myriad soft and balmy wings. Then he knew that the rustling was of the wings of angels, and the perfumes were their breath, and the garden was Heaven.

And he wondered, for he thought he—poor, ragged Nobody!—had no business in Heaven. But, looking down, he wondered more, for his rags were gone, and he wore a dress, oh, so beautiful! without a ring, without a soil thereon. Then, looking up again, he wondered most, for through his tears—which were tears of joy—he saw an angel smiling upon him—upon poor Nobody, upon whom no one on earth ever looked kindly. Not simply in the look was the kindness shown; she spoke, and her voice was like the sweetest music when she said: "I am your angel." Not only in the look and in the voice, but in that rarest of ways—the deed—was the kindness shown. The angel took his hand and kissed him on the forehead. Then, hand in hand with her, he wandered through the beautiful garden. There were millions of people, none playing on harps, nor sitting on the extreme edge of clouds, but all perfectly active and perfectly happy, because perfectly holy.

And so, hand in hand with his angel, never paining her, as in the old time, by folly or sin, but with his eyes fixed where hers had been on his Father's face, he was perfectly happy for ever and ever.

Waking with a sigh, poor, sick Nobody, fast breaking up or breaking down, finds himself once more in the comfortable room and the comfortable bed, with the kind Somebody sitting patiently by his side. To him, holding the sufferer's hot, little hand, as he has already held it half the night, Nobody in broken snatches tells his dream, and then falls asleep once again—never to wake in this world—never more!

The morning sun, rising as joyously as if sin and sorrow, and death were not, looked in upon a man bending sorrowfully over a dead—Nobody. Poor, ragged, hunted Nobody was gone!

Was his dream coming true? Was he walking through the Heaven garden with his angel? Was he beholding the face of his Father? Who knows? That Father, in whose sight there are no Nobodies, in whose Heaven there are many of earth's Nobodies—He knows!

Nobody was dead, and thus—ay, worse than thus a thousand times, O Somebodies, he is dying daily at our very doors!

SNOW FAIRIES.

DID you ever hear the story
How the earth was robed in glory
By the deft and dainty fingers of the fays, 'mid
winter's cold,
When rude grasp of chill November,
And mad greeting of December,
Stripped off autumn's 'broidered mantle, flamed
with cardinal and gold?

How they toiled, those busy sprites,
Through the long and darksome nights!
Never pausing, never resting, as they wrought the
garment fair;

While the silvery song they sung,
"Sweeter far than mortal tongue,"
Floated hither, floated thither, floated faintly
through the air.

"Slumber, slumber blossoms all,
Till ye hear the south wind call;
Dream of summer, sweet-voiced summer, dream
of spring-time's sun-kissed showers;
Soft as mothers hush to rest
Dimpled babes on loving breast,
We will chant a lullaby, as we wrap the sleeping
flowers.

"Mighty Spirit of the Frost,
Without thee our work is lost!
From thy gem-starred throne in Elf-land we in-
voke thee to come down;
Thou hast aided us from birth;
Wave thy wand o'er Mother Earth,
That her robe may glint with jewels brighter than
a monarch's crown.

"Radiant moon, we pray to thee,
Shining in thy majesty!
'Queen of Heaven' we beseech thee let thy bless-
ing now descend;
Throw a veil of misty light
O'er this garment, pure and white,
Magic veil of gleaming beauty which thy charm
alone can lend."

Earth adornéd like a bride,
Every fairy homeward hied,
Safe from mortal ken enshrouded long before the
sun arose;
Hidden 'mid the forest trees,
Sailing swan-like on the breeze—
But the busy world awaking only said, "Behold,
it snows!"

RUTH REVERE.

NEVER condemn your neighbor unheard, how-
ever many the accusations preferred against him;
every story has two ways of being told and justice
requires that you should hear the defense as well
as the accusation, and remember that the malignity
of enemies may place you in a similar situation.

"WASN'T IT QUEER?"

NEVER were buttercups so brimmed with liquid gold; never such drifts of field-daisies whitened the slopes; never yellow-frilled dandelions so laughed in sunshine; never heavens inmost blue lain so close to the heart of the violet. So, at least, thought Delinda Rochell; and it's my opinion she was about right. It was her first trip of the season to Fairmount Park. The day was everything a May day could be, with June just stepping in with golden sandals and rose-broidered garments. You may rest assured the blossoms—most were out in force, with blade of grass-spears flashing between their ranks, and every flower of them looking so radiant our little Miss didn't know which to pick first, or when or where to begin.

"If I get a handful of each, will you help carry them?"

"I won't," replied her sister Sybil, who, being sixteen, fully seven years Del's senior, was, in her own estimation, a very fine lady. Altogether too grand a personage to be seen carrying a bunch of weeds.

"Nor I," answered Aunt Ceciline. "They'd stain my gloves. Look at yours."

"I'll take them off," said Del, suiting the action to the word.

Aunt Ceciline, almost as young, and a great deal prettier than Sybil, and who expected to meet a gentleman whom the children were being slyly taught to call "uncle," not offering to follow her example, Del was obliged to find room for all she wanted between her own fat thumbs and fingers.

She made the best of the situation, however, and for one good hour it would have been difficult to decide which was brightest, those flower-faces or Del Rochell's. After that period there was a perceptible change in both.

"I'll pick out the prettiest before we get to the car and throw the rest away," she said, her fingers hovering over blues, golds and red clover tufts like little white moths, uncertain where to alight, since the colors were paling in them every one.

"If I ever have control of children," remarked Uncle Harvey, who had joined the party a few minutes before, "I shall forbid their picking flowers unless they're willing to carry them home and take care of them."

"Why?" inquired Aunt Ceciline.

Del, feeling herself rebuked, dropped behind a step or two, and kept on thinning out her bouquet, yet listened with all her ears for Uncle Harvey's reply.

"Why?" he said, repeating Aunt Ceciline's question. "Why because I'm such a lover of everything that grows—especially of flowers; I never see them neglected or suffering, as some living creature might, without myself experiencing

a pang. It seems to me almost as sinful to pick them and throw them away, as it does to waste bread. In my daily rounds I meet scores of children who seldom see a flower, and never get where they dare pick one. Many of them are sick or crippled, and to these a single dandelion would be as precious as a star out of heaven."

Del had heard enough; she allowed her feet to lag more and more, thus putting a wider space between herself and her companions, and continued her work of destruction. Flecks of white, drops of gold, bits of blue, strewed the paths, or were left on the car-seat after the party alighted, and by the time they reached home only a few limp buttercups were left to lay on the window-sill.

Little Andie came in, calling out: "I wants to smell flutterups;" but, after a look, declared them "too all dead," told Del a mixed-up fairy story he had heard that afternoon, and pattered out.

Uncle Harvey and Aunt Ceciline had found a place where they could be by themselves, Mrs. Rochell, Sybil and Andie were in the sitting-room, and Dinah gossiping at the back gate; consequently, Del was left lying alone on the parlor sofa. The bowed shutters kept out the westering sun-rays, but glints and flashes of light shot here and there, this way and that, on picture, vase or book, while Del gazed sleepily upward, wondering how the room would look turned upside down, with the ceiling for a floor. All of a sudden it was turned upside down, inside out, or very queer some way. Every article of furniture and adornment had disappeared. In their stead were just such flowers as she saw at the Park. Fair, fresh, smiling, tilting, lifting, nodding this way and that, as if for very joy of living. Tier on tier they rose, like a rainbow-colored wave, heaving, mounting, then spattering in foamy white against the ceiling. Presently there came a little tinkling sound like water running over smooth pebbles, or the music of foam-bells ringing along the beach. Del listened. Surely those were voices, and must come from flower-lips. What were they saying? Oh, dear! how nice to have a flower that talked, for then it would be alive and stay fresh. She would never throw that kind away.

"Good cheer! good cheer! She's here! she's here!" tinkled the voices.

"Bind her hand and foot, my dear!"

With that, Del's recumbent figure was over-run, not by the flower-crowds, blue, yellow, crimson or white, but by myriads of tiny men with green spears projecting from their caps like the grass-blades she had seen waving between those blossom-ranks at the Park. These little creatures, no bigger than grasshoppers, and just that color, set to work tying her with dandelion chains, and sticking her all over with pins from the field-daisies cushion. In vain she screamed, squirmed

and tried to kick, those flower-links were like iron, there was n't thing to do then but entreat.

" Wha-wha-what have I done?" she sobbed.

" The fun's begun! The fun's begun!"

chanted the flower-choristers:

" Little Miss Cruelty asks what she's done!"

" I'm sure I love flowers," whimpered Del, " and grass, too," she added, hastily, screwing her eyes around in the direction of the grasshopper men.

" Don't talk to me about love," replied the biggest of these little folks, seating himself on a red clover and gazing down at her. " Season after season, ever since you were old enough to walk, you've visited the beautiful flower-homes and left destruction in your track. If you had really wanted buttercups and field-daisies, or their fair sisterhood—if you had carefully picked and carried them to your own residence, and watered, and enjoyed them, nobody would have objected. At best blossom-life is so brief that if its brightness added one genuine joy to yours not a lady-flower of them all would feel herself ill-treated, no matter how you bruised her in the gathering, or how far you carried her from her native home. But spring after spring—to say nothing about other seasons—you have torn them from their sweet, bright haunts, only to throw them down and leave them to be trodden under foot by man or beast. As you are only one of many children guilty of these wanton acts of cruelty, I and my green legion held counsel with these flower-sisters, and resolved so to punish some that they at least would never offend again."

At the close of this address, to which Del Rochell listened meekly, the little figure leaped from its clover perch and disappeared.

" Dust of dead flowerets arise, arise!

Creep in her nostrils, blow in her eyes!"

chanted the voices.

" Snow of the daisy, spilled blood of clover,

Whiten and redden her over and over."

Blue dust and gold dust whirled and swirled around Del Rochell, white drops and red drops trickled over her limbs, pine from the field-daisy cushion tingled her arms, while buttercup symbols clashed, dandelion trumpets pealed, and such a commotion arose she woke right up.

Was she asleep? Of course she was. You didn't think anything like this that I've told really happened, did you?

She had fallen into a sound slumber and woke to find the room growing dark, an end of the lace curtain trailing across her face, one leg and one arm asleep, and a few faded buttercups beside her on the window-sill.

" What Uncle Harvey said and the fairy story Andie told got into my head," prattled Del, after relating her dream to Mrs. Rochell, " but wasn't it queer?"

And, " Wasn't it queer?" she repeated, going over the afternoon's experience upon her father's return that evening.

" It will be queer still if you fail to profit by it," he replied. " Harvey Erfurt is a sensible fellow. Little girls, or boys either"—as Andie's curly head came bobbing between them—" have no right to pick more flowers than they really want for themselves, or for some young friend, or sick person who would enjoy the gift."

" You might take some to the Flower Mission rooms," put in Sybil, who liked to say things she considered smart.

" Might I? Oh! might I?" cried Del, who didn't understand Sib's way, and whose brown eyes fairly danced with delight.

" I rather guess not," returned Sybil. " They don't take weeds."

" You're mistaken, daughter," replied Mr. Rochell, " they do take field-flowers, or weeds, as you call them. I've a published list; Del get my old pocket-book out of that drawer, we'll see what varieties will be 'accepted with thanks,' as the article says."

Running over this list with her father, Del's eyes shone brighter and brighter. To be sure flowers with which she was not in the least acquainted were mentioned, yet along with these were placed the violet, buttercup, dandelion and even elderberry-blossoms. A second visit to the Park seemed to open a new world to Del Rochell. A fair treasure-house of a world from which she might carry all she really wanted for herself, or others, yet, if guilty of willful destruction, or wanton mutilation, she lost the gold out of the gift, lost the joy of receiving, the bliss of giving.

" If these flowers could speak I wonder what they'd say?" remarked Del Rochell, toiling wearily up three pairs of narrow stairs to leave a violet and buttercup bouquet with a lame girl. " They look so bright I really believe it would be something nice."

MADGE CARROL.

THE BASIS OF SUCCESS.—A man's success in life depends more upon his character than upon his talents or his genius. The word "character" comes from a term which means to engrave upon or to cut in. Character is that inner substantial and essential quality which is wrought into the very soul, and makes a man what he actually is. Therefore, if a man's character is good, he is sound and safe; but, if his character is bad, he is unsound and unsafe. A man of upright character, even though he may not be intellectually brilliant, will almost surely work his way in the world and achieve an honorable position. On the other hand, a man who is destitute of character, or whose character is bad, though he may have great talents, is apt to waste his life in one way or another, and at last become a wreck.



"SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT."

SHE was a phantom of delight,
When first she gleamed upon my sight
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament.

Her eyes are stars of twilight fair;
Like twilights, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn—
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman, too!
Her household notions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;

A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

WORDSWORTH.

A LIVING CHRISTMAS BOX.
IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

"Believe not that your inner eye
Can ever in just measure try
The worth of hours as they go by."

OUTERLESS is a town picturesque in position and graced with romantic associations, and so, like the prince of an historically important province, it enjoys a prestige quite independent of acreage and population. Local writers call it the "loch-capital," holding, as it does, the sea-board key to a beautiful chain of lakes, which, while scarcely yet the common hunting-ground of tourists, are well-known to artists, and to such lovers of the beautiful as can turn their backs on "first-class carriages," and "luxurious hotels," and pursue it in the saddle or on "Shanks-his-mare." Outerless itself is the point at which such travelers part from the delicacies of civilization, and therefore, like a generous host, it does not stint the "stirrup-cup" it offers them. To tell the plain truth, Outerless has its being, and lives and thrives mainly under the auspices of such travelers and their welcomes and farewells. It has not been always so. The history of Outerless is something like that of a great feudal castle which the exigencies of modern times have converted into an inn. Its markets and its court-house had once been to Outerless what the fishing season and the shooting season are now. Great landed proprietors had held open hospitality in their "guest-houses," on the site where the hotels stand to-day. Tradition narrates that some of the homely coal-cellars in Outerless had once been used as dungeons. In their day, stern warriors had held the grim castle, whose gray walls, now neatly repaired and coped, serve for the rendezvous of the Outerless volunteers, the portrait-gallery of the Outerless worthies, and the registry-office of Outerless births, deaths and marriages.

Outerless frankly reveals itself as a travelers' town by the number of its photograph shops, and by the disproportionate amount of mackintoshes, umbrellas and railway-rugs displayed at all its drapers' windows. Indeed, Outerless makes rather too much parade of all this, so that strangers are apt to ignore the real life it has of its own, and the snug little society which, when the last traveler's trunk is corded, and the last "spare bed" is taken down, gathers itself together, and thrifitly husbanding its summer gleanings, revolves in its own small circle of love and hate, ambition and endeavor.

Like the antique oak, or cracked saucer, which, in a peasant's cottage, tell of higher connections or better days, sundry venerable institutions remain in Outerless to bear witness to its prouder

period. Besides the castle itself, and the island on Loch Less, behind the town, where strangers might see the crumbling monuments of legendary peers and prelates, who had once been citizens—besides the dungeons among the hotel-cellars, and the "Saint's Rock" by the sea, there remains one establishment still devoted to its ancient purposes, surviving its contemporaries, a last living specimen where all else has become fossil.

But even the agitators of Outerless—and there were two, a very clever young man, and a very foolish old one—could not find a stone to throw at "Bishop Murdo's School." It retained all that was good of the past, the solid masonry and oak, the fine bits of heraldic stained glass; but it had parted from all that was bad and out of date. The generous old fire might remain among the polished brass in the wide, school chimney, but cunning modern science had put her ventilators into the quaint windows, which was a movement quite in the same direction with fewer lessons in the Latin grammar, and more in natural history.

Perhaps a very good type of the happy union of reverence and reform which prevailed in Bishop Murdo's School, was the master's house, into whose parlor we introduce ourselves on a late autumn evening.

If the ceiling was rather low, the chamber was large, with wide windows, commanding extensive views, for the school stood on high ground, and these looked across the roofs and turrets of the town, upon the "Saint's Rock," and the sea. One of the windows had been altered, the panels below it cut away, and the casement made into doors, through which the occupants of the room could step out upon the roof of some lower part of the building, and this balcony was rich with color even at this season, for a splendid Virginian creeper wreathed its fragile glories about the old stone coping. Some pieces of antique oak furniture, and a few old oil-paintings went with the mastership of Bishop Murdo's School, and stood as perhaps they had done for hundreds of years; but dainty bits of Oriental china, and trifling relics of modern travel, enlivened the dim brown cabinets, while photographs of pretty nineteenth-century faces hung in corners too insignificant for the grim effigies of pious patroness or worthy ecclesiastic. The master's chair was that in which many masters had sat, stately, solid and black, but its *vis-à-vis* was of Indian cane, bright with red cushions and gay fringes. And it might be noted that all the new things in the old room were very new. For the master's wife, one of two ladies who sat near the balcony window, was a bride who had only come home two months earlier.

The autumn light was waning very fast, but she did not ring for the lamp. The room grew gloomy enough, but the faces of the pair were turned sea-ward, and a lurid glory still lingered in the sky

where the sun had gone down. Their tones were low and earnest, such as people use when they talk of things whereof their life consists; and perhaps the bride's were the more earnest of the two. For Isobel Mac Lachlan, whose favorite text had always been "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ," had already accepted the weird of those who, having woven their own lives well, are ever called to unravel the tangle of their neighbors', and who know full well that what seems such a harmless knot may set all the future pattern hopelessly awry.

If Isobel had been free to choose, she would scarcely have selected her husband's cousin, Nina Mac Lachlan, as the first companion of her married life. But Nina Mac Lachlan had never had a home before, and her Cousin Kenneth, the newly-appointed master of the school, had in his college days learned so much of what that means, that he kindly longed to give his orphan relative a taste of the cup he found so sweet. She had been one of Isobel's bridesmaids, and Isobel was not blind to her defects of character; but the thought of her utter loneliness effaced all.

"How can anything ripen without sunlight?" she said to her husband, when he himself began to notice Nina's faults. And that was true enough. But storms also may be needed.

As a school-girl, pretty, clever Nina had been spoiled and petted. Her vanity, her rashness, her self-opinionateness, had been allowed as natural, charming and piquant. But when her school-days were over—they ended with her old governess' death—Nina found herself transformed from a household pet to a hired teacher, with strangers for her superiors, but with nothing half so strange as her old comrades seemed, viewed from the teacher's desk. Youth is very delightful, but so sensible a nation as the Chinese would not without reason assert that it is cruel; and those who know the world best will understand that poor Nina got a sufficiently bitter revelation of human nature. An orphan may be very interesting and pathetic within certain limits, but an orphan working for her bread is outside those limits, and is apt to be reminded that she has experiences in which young ladies of independent fortune can neither share nor sympathize.

But during the later months of her cousin's courtship, and the two months since his marriage, Nina Mac Lachlan had known the warmth of a home hearth, and the kind homeliness of kindred faces. She had got much, if not all, the want of which she had once felt justified her in the fretfulness and discontent which, since the school pet had been transformed into the school teacher, she had often heard characterized by their right names. Nay, a new element had entered the girl's life, from which Kenneth and Isobel, romantic and sanguine from their own recent experience, had

rashly hoped everything. For a lover had come, and had become beloved. And that lover was none other than Isobel's own brother, Colin Rose.

"Colin is a dear fellow," said his sister to her husband. "His faults have been never more than a sort of touchiness and restless hope in change; and those are just the faults that this love is sure to cure. A happy heart does not heed little worries, and poor Outerless, which he has so often worried, will seem the finest place in the world now that the girl of his choice is here. Even if it is best for him to leave it, his heart will be here; and if Nina and he go away together, they will consecrate it as the place where they met."

Isobel judged others by herself—a course which does not always lead to immediately right conclusions, but which, if we are good, makes us happy, and if we are bad, is our own fitting punishment. And after all, if it is an uncertain standard, it remains our best; and the more we know of ourselves, the less we expect from others, and the more we hope for them.

And now Isobel and Nina sat together in the twilight, talking with sad voices.

"It is so hard that there is to be nothing smooth in my life," cried Nina.

"My dear, you know 'the course of true love never does run smooth,'" said Isobel; "therefore, you have but to accept these little roughnesses, and rejoice over them."

"Nobody else has everything spoiled as I do!" Nina went on. "What other girl has to contemplate parting from her lover the month after she is engaged to him, or else submit to see him suffer the galling annoyances of a petty tyrant who is not fit to be his servant, still less his master?"

"Everybody has something to bear," said Isobel.

"It is easy to talk patience," retorted Nina, "but you, for instance, had nothing like this to contend with in your courting days."

Isobel looked at Nina with one flashing glance. It was on her lips to remind the girl of an awful week when Kenneth had lain at death's door, and she had watched at the threshold of his chamber, not daring to enter for a last farewell, lest even the tender touch of love should break the lingering thread of hope. But the mere remembrance made the little wife's heart beat fast, and she did not quite feel as if she could bring out her sacred things for the cold touch of the self-absorbed girl. So she shifted the subject a little.

"I was not saying that everybody has something to bear, with you only in my mind," she pleaded gently. "I think Colin is apt to forget it himself. If he could only see things with my eyes, I fancy he could stay here quite happily, and learn to

make fun of the matters which trouble him now. I know that his master—”

“Master, indeed!” interrupted Nina, who had used the same word at the end of her last tirade, but who resented it on the lips of another. “Master! that word alone is enough to gall such a spirit as Colin’s; and it is the very word with which Mr. Munro enforces his preachments and, tyrannies!”

Isobel heard out the angry interruption, and, without protest, resumed where she had left off, only varying the obnoxious word which had evoked such an explosion.

“I know that Mr. Munro is an old-fashioned man, who cannot understand why ways once universally acknowledged to be good, should ever grow out of fashion. He asks nothing from Colin beyond what he submitted to in his own young days. And excellent principles underlie what people consider his eccentricities. I cannot see why a young man should object to wear a white apron in a shop. It is neat and cleanly. I cannot see why Colin should consider it ‘a badge of servitude’ because it indicates what his duties are. A barrister might make the same objection to his wig. And as for the rule about the young men being indoors at ten o’clock at nights, I think too well of Colin to suppose that the spirit of that law is any restriction, though the nicety with which its letter is insisted on seems so galling to him. It seems to me that Colin’s present position might be easily made very pleasant. If you consent to wear chains, they become ornaments, not fetters. But one has no right to dictate to another what is possible to be borne and what is not. For all our natures have their wincing spots, where a touch rankles more than would a blow elsewhere. We can only warn each that everywhere there is something to be borne, and made the best of.”

“Which means,” said Nina, “that you will not put out your hand to hinder Colin from going off somewhere, nobody knows how far away? And yet he is your only brother! But, of course, you are married now.”

Isobel rose, and the hand with which she rearranged the window-curtain trembled a little. She did not answer for a moment. She had been counted a fiery, passionate, little woman. She had never yet said an angry or bitter word in her sweet, new home, and she would not begin while she could help it.

“The old loves do not grow less because the new one is larger,” she answered, at last. “Sometimes I almost doubt whether in the old times I used to love anybody. I am not sure whether any of us do until we love somebody with all our hearts.”

In her secret consciousness poor Nina felt as if nobody in the world loved anybody else as she loved Colin. For thus can selfishness poison even

affection, shutting it out from the sweet, broad sympathies of humanity, from the inspiration of all examples of endurance and courage—shutting it up in its own dark cell of imaginary “special circumstances.”

Presently the servant brought in the lamp and the tea. That broke up the conversation. The two ladies took the meal alone, for Mr. Mac Lachlan was detained in the town by some public meeting.

Nina watched Isobel prepare for a lonely evening, for she herself was going out—down to the gate of the ancient school-garden, and thence for a moonlit walk along the old lime-tree avenue, where probably the love-making of the school household had been carried on for many generations.

“I wonder Kenneth can leave you alone for the sake of any foolish business which he is not compelled to attend to,” she said, as, when tea was finished, she took up her hat and stood swinging it to and fro. “I should not like my husband to do so. But, then, so few people seem to have any romance about them, and love seems to end in paying house-rent and taxes.”

“Love does not begin by not paying them,” Isobel answered, with cheerful patience. “And should not romance be the spur of life rather than the drag? I know the question of Outerless drainage—about which Kenneth is concerned tonight—does not sound very poetical, but is it not those who have happy homes who should be most concerned for their wholesomeness and preservation?”

Nina heard without hearing, as self-absorbed people often do. She was surveying her own figure in a side mirror—a very pretty little figure, picturesque in black dress, scarlet shawl and white hat. And her thought was that it resembled a girl in a certain picture where the artist had painted a still pool, a few, old trees, a rustic seat, and a distant house, all bathed in the rich, dying light of an October evening. The figure was solitary, and the picture was called, “Where two used to meet.” The sentiment of the picture had fascinated Nina, who could not in the least realize what hours are passed, and what agonies are undergone, before pain is refined into the pathos on which poet or painter can dare to look.

“Take care that you do not stay out, if the air grows chill,” warned Isobel. “Remember I shall be very glad to see you both, the moment you care to come in.”

“I’ll remember,” said Nina; thinking, “She can’t expect us to enliven her solitude if Kenneth leaves her lonely.” She could not conceive that if Isobel had thought only for herself, she would have immensely preferred the society of her own happy thoughts to that of a restless, conceited girl and boy.

CHAPTER II.

"He who idly grieves

That life is crownless, is a fool and blind,
To fill with patience our allotted sphere,
To rule the self within us strong in faith,
To answer smile with smile, and tear with tear,
To perfect character, and conquer death—
This is what God's own angels call renown!"

SHE did not take long in reaching the gate, and she was the first at the trysting-place. She was not quite pleased at that, and looked at her watch to see whether she was too early, or whether Colin was late. For in the latter case, she was not the girl to remember that his time was less at his disposal than hers. Or if she had remembered it, it would have been with a restless, chafing sense of being thus deprived of some forms of chivalric devotion, rather than with a happy consciousness of comradeship and helpfulness.

But she found it was she who was too early. So she stood leaning against the old wall, and thinking. In the later days of her teaching, when she had sat alone in the empty school-room at night, conning the platitudes of children's essays, or the weary rows of their sums, she had dreams which had then seemed too bright even to come true of some such evening as this. Now the visions of pretty home, pleasant leisure and expected lover, were all fulfilled. Only the perfect happiness which these were to bring had not come. She hardly felt happier than she did before. She did not notice that the one unchanged element in her cup of life was herself, and that wine, as well as water, can be made bitter by wormwood. And so she cried out upon Fate, and fell back upon the "I never loved a dear gazelle," etc., school of sentiment, which implies, though it scarcely dares assert, that the plan of the universe emanates from the mind of a Tormentor, instead of from the heart of a loving Father, who maketh rich and addeth no sorrow with it, and asks but that His children shall put their hand into His hand, and their will into His will, and then they will see angels encamped about them everywhere, and stars shining even in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. She blamed God and the workings of Providence. As well might a beggar blame the kind hands that fed him, because he could not enjoy his food while he chose to sit in a dark ditch where the midges teased him!

Presently she heard a quick step crunching the gravel outside the gate, and in another moment both her hands were in her lover's.

As they sauntered up and down together, an on-looker would have thought them a fine-looking pair, and might have half-envied a lot so rich in youth, and health, and beauty. But God's angels, who must doubtless see us in our spirits, saw more youth, and health, and beauty in many a patient widow, prim old maid, or quaint old bachelor.

For what is real youth but joy and hope? And what is real health but brave, unconscious life, so rejoicing in the pleasant that it is indifferent to the painful? And what is real beauty but likeness to God?

Colin Ross had the lithe figure and swinging step of his Highland ancestry, and his features were finely cut and regular, though between their strong marking and the expression of angry determination which seemed always playing over them, there was suggestion of possible ruggedness and harshness in years to come. Perhaps there did seem some cross-purpose in the destiny which had placed Colin in a chemist's shop; and he was fond of dwelling on the wild, free life of his ancestors, little recking how climate, and hardship, and perpetual danger are the sternest masters of all, and that he owed his stalwart limbs and sound constitution to the hardy contest his forefathers had waged under them. But destiny had not surrendered Colin to his commonplace doom without giving him another chance. He and his sister Isobel had been brought up and educated by a bachelor uncle for whom their widowed mother kept house; and instead of being apprenticed, he might, had he chosen, have remained in the old place, playing shepherd to his uncle's flocks, or grieve to his uncle's farm. But Colin had been able to realize all the disadvantages of such a life—its monotony, its loneliness, its lack of the polish and refinements which he had learned to appreciate during sundry sojourns in Outerless. He did not understand that "disadvantage" is an item which must enter into the description of every lot, and that he is the wise man who, in choosing his career, chooses that whose drawbacks he can best bear. From the bleak Highland farm, Outerless life had seemed paradise to poor Colin. From Outerless life, he looked back longingly to the bleak farm, and wanted something which it had had—and yet not everything.

"Is there anything in particular wrong to-night, dear?" Nina asked, noticing that his face looked even more moody than usual. She had not one of those bountiful natures which can breathe forth a magnetic healing without disturbing even by a touch. She liked to show tenderness rather than to be tender. Will it be harsh to say that she loved her own love for Colin better than Colin himself?

"Nothing in particular," he answered; "that cannot be, when everything in general is wrong. I wonder, Nina, that such a one as you are can love a poor shopman, doomed to spend his life serving out pills and potions, and condoling with the ailments of old women and babies. I should like to be something worthier, Nina, for your sake, if not for my own."

"O Colin, it is hard!" cried the girl; "and you might be anything."

"The world is all out of gear," said Colin. "Nowadays, what chance has a man for showing what is in him? I can't reconcile myself, Nina, even to the most prosperous prospect before me—the possibility of succeeding to old Munro's business and settling down, a smug burgess of Outerless, driving you about in a little pony chaise, and putting up for local elections! These things satisfy some people—I believe they would satisfy Kenneth and Isobel—but there's something in me, Nina, which says 'no' to them. If I could have gone into the army, now! Or entered one of the learned professions! As it is, I must go humdrumming on, or take my chance in roughing it as an emigrant."

"Oh, don't talk about that!" cried Nina.

It was quite natural that the idea should thrill her with pain; the pity was that she was not ready to encounter and endure the pain long enough to see whether there might not be some wholesomeness in it. If Colin, wisely or unwisely, was so thoroughly unhappy in his present life, then any suggestion of honest change should have been worthy her consideration. The plain fact was—though, of course, the poor girl did not know it of herself—her thought was not for Colin's welfare, but for her own comfort. And she was not shrewd enough to realize that a lover afar off, content with all but the distance, is far nearer to his beloved than is a lover at her side so dissatisfied with everything else that he takes no joy in her very presence. There is a wisdom born in every experience, and not till we have passed the Rubicon of a self-sacrifice do we learn that it is always a self-service.

And Colin was thinking of himself, too, and not of Nina. For he could not pity her pain if it sought to hinder him from doing what he wished. Neither of them had learned the love which seeks but to give itself. Each only wanted to gain another. Colin did not reflect that it was hard for him to wring the heart he had so lately won. At that moment he did not even feel sure that its winning had been a good thing.

"I don't suppose you want to hinder me from doing what I ought to do," he said, coldly. "I thought it was the woman's place to further the interests of the man she professes to love. But I suppose the ideal is never to be found in the real!"

Possibly not—by some of us, since real life, much like a mirror, is apt to give us back our own reflection. Nina began to cry. She did not like Colin's tone, and she did not like not to be an ideal. And her vexation made her less than ever like one. She felt an accusation lurking somewhere, and set about defending herself wildly. A wholly loving woman, ready to bear anything for her beloved, would not have felt that any amount of shrinking from a possible parting needed justification.

"I suppose it hampers you to be engaged to me," she sobbed.

"I suppose you say things like that because you wish an excuse to be free yourself," Colin retorted.

Each speech was insincere. Their hearts were bitter enough, but they were unconsciously only acting a lovers' quarrel—trying to force their jars and grievances into a conventionally romantic form. Nina drew her hand from Colin's arm. Colin allowed the action, and walked on gloomily. They were not so unhappy as they seemed. It was only a dramatic situation. But theatric swords and daggers have sometimes inflicted deadly wounds.

"It would be so dreadful to be left behind," said Nina; "it might be years before you would be able to come for me. And I should be so lonely, and so dull. And people would think it strange you should have gone abroad directly after your engagement, when you had never thought of doing so before. And everybody is so inclined to ridicule a girl who calls herself engaged to somebody who is out of sight. There was a teacher in our school who was engaged to a gentleman in the United States, and the girls used to say they did not believe it—she only said so because she did not like to be considered a pre-destined old maid."

This girl, who considered the sacred duties of house-mother and of citizen too commonplace and unromantic to satisfy the heart, could yet be stirred by considerations so petty and mean as these! Colin saw their triviality. What he failed to see was that they were quite fit to rank with his own troubles, the white shop-apron and the martinet rules of his good old master!

"It ought not to matter to you what people think," he said. He might have preached a sermon to himself from this excellent text thus pronounced to Nina.

"It is so hard—so hard," she sobbed, returning to the pathetic view of her own life, which she had held up to Isobel. "I never had a home like other girls, nor a father or mother, and now I am not to have you as other girls have the men who love them. It seems almost cruel that we should have met as we did, if we are to be parted thus!"

"Poor little Nina!" said Colin, somewhat touched. "It might be better for you if I were taken out of your life altogether!"

She did not protest now. She scarcely noticed what he said. The pain in her soul was growing genuine, as all imaginary pains do in time.

"I shall have to leave you very soon now, Nina," Colin said, presently; "it takes me half an hour to walk back to my house of bondage."

That was the way their jars and discussions always ended. For this was not the first. They never came to any conclusion, but were patched up that they might part with a few sweet words

and a caress. Instead of carefully pulling the rose of love from its inevitable prickles, they tore so rudely among its thorns that its blossoms fell withering, and only their scattered leaves remained for their bleeding fingers to gather.

"O Colin!" sighed Nina, "I do so long to be happy!"

And why was she not happy now? Can we ever be happy while we refuse the present sunshine because there may be a shower soon? As sunshine and shower make a year's healthy weather, so joy and sorrow make a wholesome life, the gladness and the sadness both acceptable and helpful. "In the day of prosperity rejoice, but in the day of adversity consider," is an ancient counsel. Sow and reap in the summer days, and there shall be stores to count over in the dark winter nights.

"You won't talk about going away yet, will you, dearest?" she added, coaxingly.

"Anybody would think going away was such a simple matter that I might vanish at a moment's notice," said Colin. "Escape is not so easy, Nina. You need not hope to get rid of me in such a hurry."

They were arm-in-arm again now, and Colin spoke in the bantering tone which perfectly assumes contradiction. For the moment, he felt as if he could endure Outerless and the shop, and even his burges prospects, for the sake of such a sweet little creature who loved him so much. But the demons of restlessness and discontent are not so easily exorcised. Colin never realized their power. When their fit seized him, he was their slave; when it departed, he fancied himself their master, because he had never really struggled with them.

He would not go in to see Isobel. He felt a little afraid of his sister in these days. She met his woes so frankly, and seemed so ready to consider his own views and wishes, that she half robbed them of their charm. Somehow, too, he felt she would despise him for the tear-traces on Nina's cheeks. Love had brought anxieties and terrors to Kenneth and Isobel, but it had brought a peace and an assured calm manifest to all. The arrows of God might smite them, but not the poisoned barbs of selfishness and passion. Their "commonplace" idea of love was of a consoling angel, not a teasing imp.

CHAPTER III.

"Ill for him, who, bettering not with time,
Corrupts the strength of Heaven-descended will,
And ever weaker grows through acted crime,
Or seeming-genial, venial fault,
Recurring and suggesting still."

COLIN wanted to be a hero without being heroic. He had an unconscious belief in the terrible fallacy that heroism is a sort of profession

in itself, rather than the spirit in which every lawful business may be carried on. To him life was "wasted" in making up prescriptions, selling homely drugs and giving salutary advice concerning colds and rheumatisms. Probably he would have considered it "nobly spent" in killing his fellow-creatures on a battle-field or performing useless and dangerous feats of Alpine climbing. And how he would have opened his eyes had he been told that this was the result of his being deficient in imagination! And yet it was so. Imagination does not get credit for half the useful work she does in the world. As an able woman, who is only seen when enjoying elegant leisure, is often supposed to leave her serious household duties to some companion who looks a drudge because she is a sloven, so common-sense gets praise for work which imagination alone performs, as well as for that which she does herself while her quicker sister holds the candle. Imagination does not only "body forth the forms of things unknown," she also shows us the relations of very well-known things which go on out of sight. If Colin had had more imagination, he might have realized the valuable health and consequent usefulness and happiness which he dispensed along with his potions and his counsels. If, as a great poet has written,

"To make a happy fireside clime
For weans and wife,
Is the true pathos and sublime
Of human life,"

then every life which has not only the hope of achieving its own domestic happiness, but the present power of contributing to such in others, may count itself a blessed life, pregnant with all sweet and grand possibilities. And he who cures a headache, and changes a sufferer once more into the pillar of a home, surely does more and better than he who shoots down an enemy and changes a wife and children into a needy widow and orphans.

But Colin, unable to realize the good he might do, did as little of it as possible. It was small wonder that worthy Mr. Munro's strictness rasped him, for his conduct required a great deal of it. He considered that he "did his duty" when he simply did what he was absolutely compelled to do, which, as everybody knows, is rather the line at which anything deserving to be called "duty" begins.

And so the autumn wore to winter, and Colin and Nina destroyed what should have been the sweet budding-time of their lives in repining, and fretting, and jarring. Nina felt in her heart that she was not happier—scarcely so happy—as in her dreary school-days; for then she had more faith in the future, to which she still vainly looked for that rest which can only be found within. As for Colin, one result of his constant indolent dissatis-

faction was the slow but sure weakening of his will at all points, to the general deterioration of his manhood. Kenneth and Isobel began to confer anxiously about the lad. Isobel felt that her brother was not quite to be trusted among the temptations of life. Virtue must be always another name for energy, enthusiasm, devotion. Where these decay, there is a rich soil for vice, and there seldom lack birds of the air to drop its rampant seeds wherever they can take root.

She wondered sometimes if Nina noticed any change in her lover; and her sisterly heart could not but marvel a little whether things might not have gone better had Nina been a different woman. But Isobel Mac Lachlan was far too wise and just to dwell on that thought. Nina was Colin's choice, and he was Nina's; and nobody had any right to demand that a better influence should emanate from the one than from the other. And Isobel could easily perceive that a woman whose nature—gentle, yet resolute and strong—might have settled and ennobled her brother's character, would have been scarcely attracted by the poor, vain, dreaming boy. No; there is no use in wishing that circumstances are different: there remains for us but to watch and pray, and control the circumstances which exist.

It was the twenty-third of December. The weather was very severe, and the run of chilblains, catarrha and coughs in Mr. Munro's shop had been constant. The other assistant was ill, and though the busy little master did his share of the work and his own, too, his perpetual presence did not make Colin's day easier. The promptitude and readiness of the one was a constant reproof to the languor and absent-mindedness of the other, which Mr. Munro did not fail to point by sundry remarks about "young men in my time," etc., etc.

By the evening, Colin was really tired and thoroughly ill-tempered. He had seen many of the town youths, less tightly tethered than himself, pass the shop window escorting their sisters and lady friends to the skating on the *Lees*. If he went up to Bishop Murdo's School, he should probably find Nina in the "blues," bewailing that she liked skating better than anything, and had had to stay at home for want of an escort. Well, at any rate, he would run over to the smoking-room at the hotel; there would be some jolly fellows, and if anybody proposed a game of billiards, he did not see that he should decline any longer: if a fellow could not get any recreation by day, he must just take what was going on at night.

Mr. Munro had gone home about half an hour before, for he did not live on the shop premises, where he left the assistants in charge of a house-keeper as strict and uncompromising as himself. As soon as the master's back was turned, and regardless that the shop would so soon be closed,

Colin had heaped the coals upon the grate, and there was a glorious fire, which would presently be left to burn itself out alone. The porter had already begun to put up the shutters, and Colin, not willing to linger one unnecessary moment, had put on his great-coat. There came a steady tramp of many feet down the quiet street. The porter paused with his last shutter in his hand, and Colin stepped forward to ask: "What is it?"

A policeman's voice answered: "Man in the water, sir. Insensible, if not dead. Can you take him in and do for him, sir?"

Colin could see the white, weather-beaten face of the prostrate figure on the hurdle.

"Take him on to the Infirmary," he said. "You're not far off. We ought to have been shut up by this time; you can't expect us to keep fires going at all hours for drowned people. That is the hospital business."

"Quite so, sir," said the policeman, without a murmur, and the melancholy procession hastened on again.

"Well, we hadn't ought to have had such a roaring fire at this hour, sir," observed the porter as he drove in the shutter-pins, "but, as it's there, it might have been a providence."

"Two hours' hard work would that case have given us," returned Colin, "and there are the Infirmary nurses up there dead sick of idleness."

"Ay," said the man, who was of an unquestioning habit, but kept his own thoughts alongside his acquiescence. "But I couldn't help thinking, if that had been me, now, this would have been a hard day for missus and her old mother."

"I dare say he had been drinking; these cases generally have," remarked Colin, hastily crossing the road toward the hotel. And perhaps before he left that establishment, just in time to rush back at ten o'clock, such a charge might have been brought against himself; and the housekeeper thought so, and said as much; but as she was a censorious woman, nobody heeded the suspicion.

An evening in an hotel bar and billiard-room scarcely sends one to one's morning work fresh and happy. Colin felt thoroughly out of tune with the whole world, and with himself. Dissipation was new to him, and there was really a large part of his nature which struggled against its deadly spell. He felt himself slipping lower and lower, and yet was quite unable to make that resolute upward struggle which is the sole security against a cruel fall. On this occasion he had drunk deeper and gambled more wildly than he had ever done before. And this morning, as he walked down the High Street about some business, he encountered first the hotel barmaid, who greeted him with pert familiarity, and next one of his last night's companions, a fast-dressing, fast-talking, reprobate young fellow. Such *rencontres* made him think with a blush of the gentle de-

corum and simple purity of his sister's home in Bishop Murdo's School, and put him into a dreadful sympathy with all the weak souls whom he had heard spoken of from time to time as "going to the dogs."

His business lay in the Town Hall. A strange man met him instead of the accustomed janitor.

"Sad news this morning, sir," he said.

"What is it?" asked Colin, carelessly. "Where's Scott?"

"Haven't you heard, sir?" returned the other. "He was drowned last night. In the mist he must have taken a wrong turning on the quay, and so walked straight over the edge. As sober and hard-working a man as ever lived. Left six little children, and his wife is near distracted."

"Is—has the body been found?" Colin asked, eagerly.

"Lor', sir, he was fished out before he was dead. But, you see, nothing could be done for him till he got to the Infirmary, and then it was just too late—naught could bring him back. Bad job for his family, and the town has lost a good servant. I shall try for his place myself, sir. Seems hard to speak about it so soon, doesn't it? But life doesn't stop for death, and if I didn't others would. Speak a word for me to Mr. Munro, sir, for he has influence."

Colin made a promise like one in a dream, and hurried back to the shop. In a place like Outerless, news travels quickly, and this had got home before him. Mr. Munro was commenting on it in his own peculiar fashion.

"Some of the chemists' shops would have been open, if all you lads were not in such a desperate hurry to get away to your play. In my time, deserving young men thought it more dutiful—and more interesting, too, for that matter—to study and work at their own proper business, than to hang about cigar divans and tap-rooms. And so do deserving young men in these days, too, I suppose, only I don't know where they are."

Colin's brain was in a whirl. Mr. Munro's old porter was standing by, and he looked at the youth with his kindly old gray eyes. Clearly he had not mentioned the episode of the night before, and his sententious master was arguing only from generals, not from particulars.

"O Thomas," said Colin, when Mr. Munro had gone away for a few minutes, "if I'd taken Scott in last night I might have brought him round."

"Maybe, sir," returned the old man. "There's no knowing what might be prevented if all of us always did right. Only we don't—I never feel quite free to say we can't."

"And you didn't tell Mr. Munro?" said Colin.

"Where's the good, sir? It wouldn't bring poor Scott back, sir, and it might make it bitterer-like for his wife to bear. You did nothing that

most people would have blamed if things had happened to turn out right; and now they've turned wrong, it's those who would have done the same who'd blame you loudest."

There was a great deal in the man's homely philosophy, but it could not suffice for Colin. He had done a hard, selfish thing, which had probably cost a fellow-creature his life. That he could plainly see, and that was a bitter enough lesson, though it did not yet apply itself to his whole experience, and show him what opportunities of self-forgetfulness and beneficence underlay the quiet life he was so ready to despise.

His remorse was not unsullied by a selfish consideration. At the inquest, the police might mention that they had paused with the drowned man at Mr. Munro's shop. Colin knew he had done no illegal thing—nothing which, as the old porter said, most other people would not have done—but he knew the world well enough to understand that common faults appear "special," when they visibly encounter a "judgment." He would be branded as "inhuman" by people who did the same sort of action every day. But, to do him justice, what he dreaded most of all was the regret and distress his want of zeal would cause his sister Isobel.

The other assistant, who had recovered from his indisposition, noticed his companion's disturbance. It was not his usual languid self-absorption; it was absolute agitation and nervousness.

"You had a hard day yesterday, Ross," he said. "You'll be upset yourself, next."

Colin protested against these observations. But the other, a good-natured youth, the victim of perpetual sick-headaches, who always labored under a conviction of sin concerning the extra work imposed upon others during his own inability, insisted on them, and went off to Mr. Munro, with whom he was a favorite, and told him that Colin Ross was ill, and would be the better for a half-holiday. It was granted, though with the ungracious remark that the shop would not be much the worse attended for his absence—a comment which the lad did not repeat when he carried Colin the message setting him at liberty.

"Go and do some skating," he urged; "that will take all the cobwebs out of your brain, and set you up to enjoy your Christmas. It is a great mistake to be below par at this season."

Colin did not decline his freedom. Now, he might have rushed off to Murdo's School and taken Nina out for an afternoon's pastime. But there was no joy in seeing her or his sister. The very thought of them haunted him too much. He went down the long road toward Loch Less alone.

He noticed the crowd of people streaming back toward the town, though it was still early on the clear, bright afternoon. However, when he came in sight of the loch, there were yet many thereon,

skating and sliding. A neighbor, lingering on the bank, greeted him.

"The ice isn't very safe to-day, Mr. Ross. Sensible people are leaving it. But some foolhardy folk persist in amusing themselves and risking their lives. I hope you're not going on?"

Colin made some evasive reply, and walked away. He was not in a mood to parley with a stranger.

"I don't find existence so desirable that I need stint myself of any pleasure for fear of losing it," he thought, recklessly. "It might be better for the world if I were out of it. Nina would get over it: better one short pang than the long dragging misery our engagement will be. I can't find any chances for being good or doing good; but fate seems to thrust upon me chances of doing harm. And if I happened to be drowned in a sort of public calamity, people would not be so hard upon me about poor Scott, and Isobel and Nina would be soothed by the sympathy and fellow-feeling of the other sufferers. But I need not think over these things. I may go on safely enough. Nothing ever happens when it should, or to the right people."

And off he skated. He was a skillful performer, but this afternoon the exercise and the admiration of the onlookers excited rather than exhilarated him. The whole world seemed unreal to him; the dull shop, and the regular routine of duty, became nightmare visions. He did not heed that the people on the ice grew fewer and fewer, and that those on the banks kept pointing their fingers and shaking their heads ominously. On and on he went, till suddenly the whole solid surface of the loch gave one sickening sway; the ice yawned and split into a hundred spars as a crowd of human beings disappeared, struggling, in the chill waters.

What a Christmas Eve that was in Outerless! It seemed as if in every house there was one dead. On all sides there were weeping and wailing, or speechless sorrow. The little preparations for seasonable festivity stood arrested. The holly lay where it had been thrown, and was never twined in decoration. The Christmas puddings were never put into the pot. Here and there, indeed, might be heard the low voice of awed thanksgiving; but, alas! as neighbors stole from house to house in the strange freedom of calamity, the question generally asked was not, "Who was saved?" but, "Who was found?"

It was some poor consolation for love to look once more on the cold, still faces which had been so lately full of life and mirth. Even that was denied to the agonized hearts in Bishop Murdo's School. Watching from their windows, they saw one sad procession after another enter the town, but none paused at their gates. The loch was deep and full of holes; it would not give up all its

dead for days to come; it could not be effectually explored until the frost was gone.

Nina clung to Isobel. But before Christmas morning dawned, it seemed as if the whole world was giving way round the girl. For the hour of motherhood came upon Isobel in her agonized watching, and for awhile it hung in doubt whether she was to be parted from him who "was not," or from those who remained. She was spared. But there was no "Magnificat" to jar the monotone of lamentation. Isobel never saw the face of her first-born. When she could ask for him, her husband's tears answered her before he folded her in his arms.

And still Colin's body was not found. And one after another the dead were laid in the old graveyard beside the ruined cathedral. And New Year's day came. And the ice was melted. And yet the Less kept it secret.

EDWARD GARRETT,
Author of "Occupations of a Retired Life."

WHEN WE BOTH WERE YOUNG.

I'M standing by the window-sill
Where we have stood before;
The sycamore is waving still
Its branches near the door;
And near me creeps the wild rose vine
On which our wreaths were hung,
Still round the porch its tendrils twine,
As when we both were young.

The little path that used to lead
Down by the river shore,
Is overgrown with brier and weed—
Not level as before.
But there's no change upon the hill
From whence our voices rung;
The violets deck the summit still,
As when we both were young.

And yonder is the old oak-tree,
Beneath whose spreading shade,
When our young hearts were light and free,
In innocence we played.
And over there the meadow-gate
On which our playmates swung,
Still standing in its rustic state,
As when we both were young.

I see the little moss-grown spot
Beneath the yew-tree's shade,
Where early friends, perchance forgot,
In earth's embrace are laid.
The early friends of hope and trust,
Round whom our being clung,
All slumber coldly in the dust,
Since you and I were young.

M. LOUISA CHITWOOD.

HER LIFE IN BLOOM.*

A SEQUEL TO "LENOX DARE."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER X.

HAPPY birds were singing in full-leaved trees the songs of another June. The breath of the summer—the scent of her roses—all her flowering things was in the air. There was a very riot of life, color, joy over all the land. At the heart of such a world could there ever have lain a winter? Over a sky of such radiant azure could there ever have passed a cloud?

Lenox Dare stood on the side porch that morning, and drank in with delighted senses all the life, and sound, and beauty about her. It was now more than two months since she had come in, joyous and glowing, from her walk to meet that spectre whose noiseless footfall had crossed the threshold in her absence. Others had told her of one piercing cry—of finding her, a little later, clinging in frozen, tearless agony to the dead man!

These last months seem sometimes like a day; sometimes like years to Lenox Dare. The hours of agony; the cruel heartache; the sense of loss and loneliness; the feeling that all life's good had vanished; that nothing remained worth caring for; oh, my reader, you who have been through that bitterness need not be told how she sorrowed for her dead!

Yet, on the whole, she had been surprised to find herself so calm—so happy even, at times. Her nature was sound to the core. She could not be in the world and not be, as she had said, "In love with life." Her soul turned as naturally to light and gladness as larks to the skies, as flowers to the sun. It was largely owing to this tendency that Lenox Dare was such a helpful, inspiring presence to others.

After her uncle had been laid in the old Apthorp burial-place, Ben Mavis, who had hurried to Lenox, wanted to take her back with him to Briarswild. But he could not move her.

"I must learn first to live here without him," she said. "It was his own plan, I see now it was the best, the wisest. In a little while I shall get used to it. But if I should go back with you now, Ben, to the dear, old home, I should never be able to return!"

"It will be a great disappointment to Dorrice!" he said.

"Tell her to have patience with me; I will come after a little while," Lenox answered.

So he went home without her.

She lived on in the old way, just as though Uncle Tom were only gone for a little while. She constantly reverted to his wishes, and endeavored

to carry out all his plans as though he were alive. Indeed, she often said to herself: "I can't make it seem that Uncle Tom is dead!"

She said it to herself now, as she stood on the porch. Even the thought of that fresh mound which the June's soft fingers were clothing with green could not fill her soul with gloom. To her the existence of this world was satisfying proof of another. Uncle Tom was somewhere, she believed, in a life larger—fuller in every sense than even this fullness of joy and beauty about her.

While she was standing there, she caught sight of the gardener among the tulip-beds. That reminded her of her resolve to take a drive that morning. It would be the first since Uncle Tom left her. She had put it off from day to day. This morning the going alone did not seem so hard. She went down the walk to tell Donald to have her pony-carriage at the gate within half an hour.

Donald Brae was a big-framed, stalwart Scotchman who had remained on the place when the first owner sold it. Mr. Apthorp had taken a liking to the man, and made him promise he would never leave his niece's service. Donald was a thorough Scotchman, capable and trustworthy, with the native shrewdness and dry humor of his race. He had married a little, buxom, good-tempered Scotch lassie, who now, with the assistance of a single maid, managed affairs indoors as perfectly as her husband did those outside.

Donald's tall, large-boned figure lifted itself from the tulip-beds as Lenox approached and stood still before the sea of gorgeous, variegated color. The man had been cutting tulips and arranging them in a magnificent bouquet.

"They're for the new hospital, ma'am," he said, speaking English with a decided Scotch accent. "There's a young girl lyin' there, the doctor says, who can't hold out many days. She's had a rough time of it in life; I thought maybe the sight o' the flowers might cheer her a bit. The doctor promised to stop for them when he drove by ag'in. It's hard to go out o' the world with no one of your own kith and kin to stand by and say a kind word to you."

Lenox thought of her childhood and how all that might have been her own story.

"Poor child," speaking half to herself. "It is a hard fate, as you say, Donald."

The Scotchman looked at his young mistress. The first time he saw her, she had seemed to him—so he told his wife afterward—the most beautiful thing he had ever set eyes on. He had grown to regard her now with that sort of loyal devotion which some old fighting Highlander among his ancestors must have felt for the chief of his clan.

"Burns has some lines, ma'am," he said, "that are al'ays singin' in my brain. Poetry does that after it's got into a man's heart first."

"What are the lines, Donald?" asked Lenox, looking into the shrewd, wrinkled face of the gardener.

Donald repeated them as none but a Scotchman could—the broad vowels, the real northern *burr*:

"It's hardly in a body's power
To keep at times frae being sour
To see how things are shared!"

As Lenox listened, the old chamber at the turnpike where she first read those words came up to her. Other memories could not fail to crowd thick on that one—memories of the two days when heart and brain had been haunted by a double horror, a dread for herself, a pity for the great poet whose sweet songs will linger forever about Scotland's mountains and mists, about her purpling heather and her golden daisies.

She turned away without a word. Donald watched her with sorrowful eyes as she went up the walk. Perhaps his talk, bringing back scenes of which she had never been able to think quite calmly, was the cause of her change of mood. All its joyousness seemed to vanish in a moment. Her heart gave a sudden cry for its dead. She looked about her and thought how Uncle Tom would have rejoiced in this perfect morning. Why was he not here to-day? Why could he not have lived a little longer? What was all this pomp of the summer to her now? She could not enter the house, carrying such thoughts, such pain, with her. She must get away from herself—into some other life, some other sorrow. She remembered what Donald had been saying. She turned and went back to the tulip-beds.

"Donald," she said, "I will take those flowers to the hospital."

In less than two hours from that time Lenox drew up before the new building. It was a little more than three miles from her own home, and was a plain, rather bare-looking structure of red brick. Only a few of the rooms had yet been opened to patients. One of the nurses took Lenox to the sick girl's chamber—a small room which opened out of a great, bare, unfurnished apartment. The girl was on a low bed near the open window. Everything was plain and comfortable about her, but for all that, it seemed a bare, lonely place for one to lie and watch, day after day, the sunshine creep along the gray walls.

The nurse left Lenox at the door. She entered so softly that the girl caught no sound. The first thing she heard was a voice at her bedside, saying: "My dear, I have brought you some flowers this morning."

The next moment Donald's magnificent bouquet lay on the white coverlet.

At that sight the girl feebly lifted her head. She gave a little cry; she reached out a pair of thin hands, and held them over the flowers; her

hungry gaze devoured the heap of bright, varied colors. The dews still sparkled in the bells of crimson and gold.

"They are tulips!" she cried, in a voice of amazed delight. "They used to grow in grandma's front yard."

While she spoke, Lenox's glance had taken in the small head, with its mass of soft, black hair, the sharpened features, the blue-veined skin, the dark, hollow eyes that burned with preternatural brightness.

The sick girl turned now and gazed at her visitor. In her delight over the tulips she had forgotten the presence there. She saw the beautiful face at her bedside. She saw the look of pitying tenderness in the wonderful, brown eyes—the smile on the lovely, unsteady lips. She had been thoroughly taken by surprise. Her mind was a good deal shaken, too, by weakness and suffering. That cloud of gorgeous color had fallen so softly, that beautiful face had appeared at her bedside so suddenly, that she half-fancied there must be something supernatural about it!

Could the old stories about angels be true, after all, and had one of them appeared at her bedside?

At that thought the hectic deepened in the hollow cheeks. She gazed at her visitor with bright, awe-struck eyes.

"Who are you?" she asked, under her breath.

"Somebody who has come to bring you these flowers, my child, and tell you how sorry she is to find you lying here sick—somebody who is ready to do anything in the world for your comfort or pleasure. My dear little girl, I hope you are glad to see me!"

The last words wavered a little, for the hectic glow, the sharpened face under the shadow of its dark hair, the bright, solemn gaze went to Lenox's heart.

"Yes, I am glad." The speaker's eyes went wistfully from the flowers to the face that had a greater charm for her. "You are just—a lady?"

"Why do you ask that—what do you take me to be?"

Lenox had drawn a chair to the bedside, had seated herself, and was leaning over the girl.

"I thought perhaps—I was not quite sure, but you might be an angel!"

There was a little silence. Lenox could not speak. She stroked the thin hand. They heard the birds singing outside. They saw the sunshine lying among the bright-colored flowers, as though it loved them.

"What made you have such a foolish thought about a mere woman?" Lenox asked, at last.

"Because I never knew one who looked and acted just like you."

"The world is full of good women—a great deal better than I am!" continued Lenox, in as light a tone as she could command. "But I am sure

none of them could feel more sorry for you, could be more ready to help you. What is your name?"

"Jessie Dawes."

"It is a quaint, pretty name—as quaint as my own, which is Lenox Dare."

"Lenox Dare," repeated Jessie. "Was that what you said?"

"Yes; it sounds oddly to you, Jessie; I fancy it does to most people, when they hear it for the first time."

"It is an odd name. I like it though. Shall you stay a good while?"

"Shall you like to have me, Jessie?"

"Oh, yes. It seems nice to have you sitting there in the chair. It seems as though I must have known you a long time."

"That is just the way it should seem. How long have you been here, Jessie?"

"Only two weeks, but it seems almost forever."

"And has no friend—no relative—been to see you in that time?"

She shook her dark, little head.

"There was nobody to come. I haven't a relative in the world!"

"Oh, my poor, little Jessie!"

That cry came from Lenox's heart. She was thinking of the time when those words would have been true of herself.

"I had somebody once," continued Jessie, drawn by that tone to further revelations. "It was my grandmother. She died four years ago. I was only fourteen then. We lived in Vermont. I wasn't much more than a baby when papa and mamma died."

"And after your grandmother left you—were you quite alone in the world?" asked again the pitiful, sweet-cadenced voice.

"I was all alone. I stayed awhile with some of our old neighbors. They were kind at first, but afterward—things changed—and I saw they didn't want me. So I came to Boston to find something to do. In a little while I went into a store."

The simple narrative broke off suddenly. Some memory stopped Jessie Dawes. In a moment she turned to Lenox, speaking in a rapid, excited way: "O lady, you don't know what it is to be all alone in the world—to have nobody to warn you—to believe people are just like yourself. Oh, you don't know what I had to learn!"

"Jessie," said Lenox, unspeakably affected, "I was all alone in the world when I was no older than you were. I had no home, no friends, no roof to shelter me! My poor child, I do know how it all seems—what it is like!"

When she heard those words, Jessie Dawes lay, still staring at Lenox in dumb amazement. Could the elegant woman, sitting there in her grace and loveliness, looking as though no wind of heaven had ever blown rudely across her blossoms, have been out in the world's bitter weather; have been

alone, and poor, and unbefriended; have had the evil charmer by her side?

"You lady—you know!" she exclaimed, and stopped there.

"Yes, my poor child, I know! There was a time once—"

Lenox could not go on. The contrast of their two fates struck her at that moment so sharply.

"But somebody—something came to help you out of the trouble!" continued Jessie Dawes. "Nobody came to help me!"

Nothing could be so pitiful as those last words—none in all her life had ever so hurt Lenox!

"You are right, my dear," she said, when she could speak again. "Somebody did help me—the kindest and best people that ever crossed the path of a friendless orphan girl. I think God sent them. Shall we not think He has sent me to you this morning?"

At that question, a swift change—half-weariness, half-bitterness—went over the girl's face.

"O lady," she said, "don't talk to me about God! He never cared anything about me. He never helped me when I was in trouble. If He had I shouldn't be here now."

"O Jessie—Jessie!" It was a cry of pain, pity, horror.

The girl drew close to the edge of the bed. She gazed at Lenox with her great, pleading eyes.

"I didn't mean to shock you," she said. "If God helped you—if He took care of you, of course you must believe in Him. But it is all different with me. Perhaps He likes some folks, and doesn't care about others! O lady," she broke out, suddenly, "if this God you tell me about had only been half as good as you are—half as good as you are!"

"Oh, my child! My poor child!"

There was no rebuke, only an awful pain and pity in the voice. Lenox Dare could look back on a time when she had felt all that Jessie Dawes had spoken.

The girl went on: "It's easy for happy folks to believe in God. I thought He cared for me once—that was before grandma died. Ah, lady," she broke out again, "you sit there, looking at me with your beautiful, sorrowful eyes—do you think you would really believe God cared for you, if He let you go—where He let me?"

It was an awful question. Lenox's heart and soul had never faced it in just this way.

"But He does care for you—poor, little Jessie—because He is your Father as much as mine. You are His child, as dear and precious to Him lying there in your pain and loneliness, as I am sitting here in my health and good fortunes."

"Do you think that? Do you really believe it?" asked Jessie Dawes, with a kind of slow wonder in her voice. "You look at me as if you did. You don't blame me, either, as all the others would, for what I have said. I have heard a

great many people *talk* about God! Some of them were very cruel to me, lady! I used sometimes to wonder if He was like them!"

"Like them! They must have *lied* to you about Him, Jessie!"

"That was what I tried to believe--for awhile, at least. Afterward, when the worst came, I gave up thinking about Him. Why should I care for One who showed so plainly He didn't care for me?"

"But what if all that were a mistake; what if all the time He was caring for you--pitying you, His little girl--her young head beaten by the tempest; her soft feet out on the flinty roads; in some deeper, tenderer way than ever your dead grandmother could have done?"

At those words a change came over the rigid face. The pale lips quivered. She turned to Lenox with a deep, steady, probing gaze that seemed to go past her face, to seek her soul.

Jessie Dawes drew a long, panting breath.

"Miss Dare--was that the name?" she asked.

"Yes, Jessie."

"You know I am going to die. When I asked the doctor, he would not tell me, but I saw it all the same in his eyes."

"Did that make you sorry, Jessie?"

"N--o. There don't seem to be anything I should want to live for!"

There was nothing for Lenox to say. Any commonplaces--any poor attempts at consolation would be worse than failures. She only sat still, with the pity in her eyes, and stroked the dry, little fingers with her own soft ones.

At last the girl spoke. She addressed the look in the beautiful, sorrowful eyes.

"I think I should like to tell you all about it before I die," she said. "I never could talk about it to anybody before, but it seems to me you will understand."

"You shall tell me anything you want to, Jessie."

Then the girl began her story. She spoke first of the quiet, little home in Vermont where she lived with her doting, old grandmother, and where she grew into girlhood in happy ignorance of all the grief and evil in the world.

Then the old grandmother died. The little, heavily-mortgaged house was sold to pay the funeral expenses, and afterward there was no more care, or love, or happiness for Jessie Dawes!

She found a cold welcome for awhile among some of the neighbors; but her position grew so uncomfortable that she finally made up her mind to go to Boston and seek some employment.

The bewildered girl, barely sixteen, found herself in the great, jostling city with no acquaintances except two or three old playmates. One of these took pity on her, and found her a place in a store. It was a new life--it was hard work for the girl,

brought up in the heart of the old Vermont hills.

The story came suddenly to a pause. Lenox did not speak. At last the girl turned and looked, with her long-lashed, burning eyes, in her visitor's face.

"I didn't know there was a bad man in the world. Nobody ever told me!" she said.

Lenox gave a half-smothered cry. Those words would once have precisely described her own case. What had saved her from a fate like this girl's when she made her desperate flight from Cherry Hollows--what had saved her, years afterward, when they went away and left her, a young girl, an innocent child in all knowledge of the world, to face the peril at Hampton Beach?

Lenox Dare could never repeat the story as she heard it from Jessie Dawes's lips that morning. The memory of the pale, young face, of the pathetic voice, always overcame her.

It was strange, too, how she would always see again the heap of gay flowers, the restless sunshine; how she would hear again all the birds of the summer singing outside, as though the world were as glad and innocent now as in that old Eden where they sang through God's first summer.

There were several partners in the store where Jessie Dawes had secured a place at the lace-counter. One of these partners had a guise as honest, a tongue as flattering, a heart as false as Austin Kendall!

The pretty bloom, the fresh innocence of Jessie Dawes attracted this man. He won the confidence and gratitude of the lonely child, homesick for the green, quiet ways, and the pleasant, old hills. He brightened her life by a thousand little attentions, by thoughtful care when nobody else cared for her in the strange, crowded city. The end of all this came suddenly. Not suspecting any evil, Jessie Dawes, one holiday, accepted, with a young girl's natural delight at the change, an invitation to go a few miles out of the city. What followed cannot be written here. Vile women, and evil haunts, and drugged wine had their share in the foul conspiracy. Jessie Dawes, helpless, amazed, bewildered, had the horrible fact of her surroundings and the real character of him whom she had regarded as the kindest and noblest of men, forced on her at last!

In a few days she made her way back to the city. There was nobody to whom the helpless girl could confide the foul plot of which she had been made the victim. She tried to resume her old life, behind the counter, in the low attic of her boarding-house. But her spirits were crushed and her health, fragile from the first, began to break down. She believed, too, that her betrayer, alarmed lest his fiendish work should come to light, and perhaps uncomfortable in the daily presence of his victim, had used his influence to get her out of his sight. She lost her place in the store.

Harrowing details followed the long search for work; the hardships, the times of actual suffering, the hunger and cold, the burning consciousness that underlay all of the awful wrong that had been done her!

There were some lights to this picture certainly. Kind people had crossed Jessie Dawes's path—men and women who spoke pitiful words and reached out generous, helpful hands to the friendless orphan girl. But for the most part it was a thorny, flinty road over which, for more than three years, the young feet toiled slower and slower.

At last Jessie's health broke utterly. A hectic cough tore her. A slow fever wasted her. She found a place in a dressmaker's establishment. The people here showed her kindness—more than anybody had done since her grandmother died. After she grew worse, they brought her to the new hospital, which was less than two miles away.

The doctor and the nurses had taken the best care of her. She had nothing to complain of. Only it was lonely sometimes lying there and listening to the birds singing outside. Once in awhile she wondered if they would sing any more if they knew what sort of a world they were in, as she knew!

When the silence fell at last, it was difficult to tell which face was the whiter, the girl's on the bed or the woman's who sat by it.

Lenox had listened to the end with a horror that, had she attempted to speak, would have ended in a cry. For it seemed all the time her own story—the darker side, the might-have-been—to which she was listening. Who had saved her? Who, sitting in his Heaven, had seen and let this girl, innocent and guileless as herself, go down to the spoiler?

These were the awful questions which forced themselves upon the shuddering soul of the woman—questions to which, for the time, she could find no answer.

How one fate confronted the other only to make the fairer seem like a cruel partiality—an infinite injustice!

All her life, Lenox Dare had believed that God had saved her in the straits of her girlhood. Every day she had thanked Him for that as well as for all the gladness of her lot. But to talk to Jessie Dawes of God, of His care, and love, and Fatherhood in the face of the story Lenox had just heard!

She rose from her chair; she was ghastly pale; she could not say one word. She pushed open the door, with a blind instinct to be alone, and entered the great, bare, unfurnished room. How still it was! How the hot sunshine glared on the flooring and on the walls! She remembers that to this day—she will remember it to the last hour of her life. For the very foundations of her faith and

hope seemed giving way in this awful hour—before this girl's wrecked life. What could she say—what could she do? Life, death—even Uncle Tom's—seemed now a very little thing, with the darkness closing about her—with the dreadful question forcing itself upon her soul: "Was God in His world?"

It had hitherto been an easy thing for Lenox Dare to believe this for herself. But what did it avail if she could not find Him—His infinite love, His eternal Fatherhood—for another—for the girl lying there, her youth blighted, her heart broken! And her life had once been dear to her—her young girl's hopes and dreams as sweet as Lenox Dare's! But all that purity and innocence had not saved her. The wolves had been on her path. They had hunted her to the death.

Lenox almost resented her own good fortunes. What right had she to them? She had heard people talk before, as though they regarded themselves special pets and darlings of Providence. What a cruel system of favoritism it all seemed! Should she go back and flaunt her own happy, love-sheltered life before Jessie Dawes, and tell her God had done all that? Should she go back and stand there with dumb lips?

During her life abroad, Lenox Dare had often been thrown into the society of materialists. She was quite familiar with their side of the argument. They were sometimes people whose intellect she respected, whose noble aims she acknowledged, whose generous enthusiasms for humanity she could share. But their talk, their awful negations, never shook her. How man or woman could exist a day without hope in a God over His world—an infinite Love and Power at the heart of things—was a mystery to her. But the old arguments would come up now, while clamoring doubts and torturing fears seemed to grow into the faces of fiends that mocked her.

Lenox Dare could never tell how long she walked the room where the June sunshine lay warm and bright on the walls and the flooring. It might have been an hour. It seemed like an eternity. She only knew the darkness was about her—the horror of a world without God!

CHAPTER XI.

JESSIE DAWES lay quite still after Lenox had left her. She was haunted by the memory of the white, pitiful face that had vanished in silence from her bedside. She had been greatly excited in telling her story. The bright flowers around her had a spell that soothed sense and soul. She lay drinking in their beauty until she fell asleep.

The light rustle of garments awoke her suddenly. A face, radiant with solemn, triumphant joy, was standing by her bedside; a voice, with

an exultant thrill all through its sweetness, was saying to her: "My poor child, I have come back with good tidings for you, too! The doubt and the fear which tore my heart as I listened to your dreadful story, are gone! He who made you must have meant you to be happy. For you His purpose was good, His heart was tender, His thought was love! He, the everlasting God, shall not be defeated! I cannot tell you, poor, wronged, innocent child, why the spoiler found you, any more than I can tell you why ravening wolves break in upon the lambs on the pleasant hills, any more than I can tell you why evil is in the world. That is the question which the best and wisest of men have never answered. Some of the noblest souls have pondered it until they have gone mad with wonder and pity; but God has eternity—He will answer it there."

The beautiful, inspired face, the voice thrilled with solemn joy, could not fail to impress the sick girl. But Lenox had been talking less to her than to her own soul—to all that had been within the last hour.

"You don't believe me, perhaps," she said, as she met Jessie's awe-struck gaze. "Can it be that I—a weak and erring woman at best—would joyfully lie down and die here this minute if that would change the past—if that could make you rise up glad and happy from this bed? And can the God to whom you belong—you, the child of His thought and heart—be less tender and pitiful than *I*! He must be a *good* God, after all, Jessie! Those are *His* flowers I have brought you; those are *His* birds singing outside. He must have given me this heart that aches over you."

Jessie Dawes put her thin hands over her eyes. The tears rolled over her cheeks. She was too ill to cry passionately.

Lenox Dare was not given to talking lightly of sacred things. She had a horror of cant, of religious commonplaces. But this was one of the great moments of her life. Its light and joy had risen out of a great darkness and pain. She sat down now and took Jessie's hands in hers. She talked as she had never done before—as, perhaps, she could never do again. She told her about the Christ—the Father's unspeakable gift to the world; how He went about the earth, homeless and shelterless; how Philip, drawn to Him by His gracious speech and His wonderful deeds—Philip, following Him about with a little company of Galilean fishermen whom the world thought of small account, had said to Him one day: "Lord, show us the Father and it sufficeth us."

This was the question of questions, for the wisest as well as the humblest. It had been at the world's heart ever since the creation. Everything in the universe, for time and for eternity, hung on the answer. In one way or another the great men of all ages had been asking Philip's question before

Christ came. They had been asking it ever since. "Show us the Father."

And Christ had answered: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father."

Philip knew Christ. He had been with Him, day by day, among the hills and valleys, through the swarming towns and cities of that old Judean world. He knew what yearning care and love, what unspeakable pity and tenderness for the sorrows around Him always filled that heart; knew what joy it gave Him to see the sick rise up glad and healed at His word; to open the blind eyes to the pleasant world—the deaf ears to the sweet sound of human voices! Philip knew how ready He was—this Christ—to give Himself to all who needed His help or comfort; how nobody—wayside beggar or loathsome leper—was too poor or miserable for Him to care for. Had He not taken, amid cold and frowning faces, the wild little Galilean children on His knees and blessed them! Had He not spoken to the sinning and sorrowing, to the bruised and broken-hearted, such words of forgiveness and consolation, of promise and joy, as man had never spoken, as mere man could never speak again! How Philip's heart must have thrilled as he remembered; how he must have felt that if God, Creator and Father, was like the Christ He had sent to reveal Him, it was the good news of all time—it would be the blessedness of eternity!

And the sunbeams shone among the flowers, and the birds sang outside, while Lenox talked as she could only have talked with that little white face, with those burning, riveted eyes before her.

"If I could have my own way, you should not die, Jessie. I have a home now, a little way off, where I would take you—I who once was homeless and friendless—and you should nestle down, as I did, in the lap of ease, and comfort, and love. I think I could make you happy. I should know so much better how to do it because I have been through the hard things myself. I should love to watch your young life—so trampled on by the wild hoofs—lift up its head again and put out fresh blossoms. I think I could almost make the past seem like a strange, terrible dream out of which you had awakened into a new, happy morning."

There was a tremulous movement of the little, pinched face. A look of life and hope came into the mournful eyes.

"Dear lady, I think you could do it," said Jessie Dawes, in a tone that one would not have recognized.

"And if I could do all this, think what God, who loves you so much better, who pities you so much more, can do! If you go away from me, my poor child, it shall not be into the dark; a love and help to which all mine must be faint and dim will wait for you, will meet you, will tell you not to be afraid, will have its own infinite ways of

comforting and blessing you, of making you a gladder Jessie than you could ever be with me."

Her speech failed her there. She sat still, looking at Jessie with tear-dimmed eyes, with thoughts that went where words could not reach them.

At last she heard Jessie's feeble little voice again with that new quiver of hope in it.

"It seems as though it all must be true, now I have seen you."

Afterward she dropped into a peaceful slumber, and in that slumber Lenox went away and left her.

In the week that followed, the sick girl rallied wonderfully. Lenox spent hours of every day with her. She brought her flowers and fruits—everything she could think of that might please her fancy or tempt her appetite.

The sick girl clung to her new friend in a touching way. It seemed as though her childhood had come back. Lenox fancied that even in this world the past seemed like a horrible nightmare, that it had slipped away from heart and soul as the sorrows of life slip away from the presence of death. A softer expression came into the little, sharpened face. She liked to talk about her home and the doting old grandmother.

Lenox, in her turn, told stories of Briarswild, and of her life there, and the girl would listen intently, and laugh out merrily at some funny little incident. What a bright, sunny nature it must have been, Lenox thought. How the sweet blossom had been torn up by the roots, and all its soft, tinted petals fouled by cruel hands!

Any one who saw her lying there, amid the flush of roses and all summer blooms, might have fancied Jessie Dawes would get well; but all the time the hectic deepened in the hollow cheeks, and the fires burned brighter in the great eyes.

Lenox was determined to make the most of what life remained to the girl. The last days, the end of the road should be smooth and pleasant to Jessie Dawes. Lenox brought her pretty, bright-colored dressing-gowns, and her feminine pleasure in these was pathetic, as she sat in a lounging-chair by the open window, where the soft breath of the summer could steal in upon her.

Lenox would have taken the girl to her own home, but the doctor feared the effect of the drive over the hills on Jessie's exhausted frame.

One morning, as Lenox was passing through the hall of the hospital, the nurse came to her.

"She has had a turn for the worse in the night," the woman said. "She seems to be sinking fast. She has often asked for you."

When Lenox bent over the bed of the sick girl, she saw there was no more to be done for Jessie Dawes in this world.

The girl looked up and saw the figure standing there. The dim eyes brightened.

"I knew you would come!" she said. "I wanted to live until I could see you once more."

"My poor, little Jessie!" faltered Lenox.

A smile of ineffable sweetness stole over the cold lips.

"Don't feel bad for me, dear lady!" they whispered. "I am not afraid to go. I believe I shall find it all—AS YOU SAID!"

She turned over. Her breath flickered feebler and feebler out of the white lips. In a little while the young, peaceful face lay dead in the summer sunshine.

Lenox Dare threw herself down by the bedside.

"O God—Eternal Father" her soul cried out, "look at this—AT THIS. Time and evil have had their way—have done their worst with it! Thou hast Thy Heaven—Thy eternity to make up for all that, to see that all is well with the child!"

And solemn and glad in that faith she left Jessie Dawes.

CHAPTER XII.

ROBERT BERESFORD was at his office in the city. It was little after midday. He was on the point of leaving for the country, when a messenger brought him a letter from the doctor of a hospital, a few miles out of the city. A man, injured on the railroad, had been brought in two days ago, he had fallen across the track in a drunken fit. It was not likely he could hold out much longer. When he learned his true condition, he had begged earnestly that Mr. Beresford might be sent for. He had something to say to the gentleman before he died.

Of course there was nothing to do but to go at once. Beresford had barely time to get the next train on the Eastern road.

An hour later, he was at the hospital. The doctor met him on the threshold. As they shook hands Beresford inquired the sick man's name, but was as much in the dark as ever when he learned it was Oscar Hatch.

"He must have been a miserable creature to judge from his looks," the doctor continued. "He isn't dying from his recent injuries as much as he is from drink, and hardship, and the effects of a long-neglected wound, which I suspect he got in some drunken brawl. He obstinately refuses to say anything about that, and in any case, it is too late to help him. The world at least will lose nothing when the man is out of it."

It was a miserable story to begin with. The doctor was a kind-hearted man, but too used to this sort of thing to be profoundly affected by it. His hearer, however, was one of those rare natures whose quick sympathies could not be deadened by any familiarity with suffering. He followed the doctor to a large room in the back of the great, unfurnished building. There were several beds in

the apartment, but its only occupant was the man who had asked for Robert Beresford.

He lay here, a tall, strong-limbed figure, with a gaunt, livid face, and wild, gloomy eyes. He was once, probably, a good-looking man; but dissipation, neglect and suffering had set their wasting marks on him now. With a single glance at his face you would have read their story—would have known that Oscar Hatch had not been a good man.

He raised his head a little, as he heard footsteps approaching. The doctor had come again, but this time he brought another with him. In a moment Robert Beresford and Oscar Hatch were looking at each other; a long, steady, silent look on both sides.

At last the sick man said: "You don't know me, sir?"

"No; I can't recall your face, if I ever saw it. But I got your message and came at once. Am I the man you wanted to see?"

"Yes; you are the one man I didn't want to die with out seein'. I knew you would come if you got the word."

"You have met me before, it appears?"

"Yes; that was why I wanted to see you now."

At this point the doctor felt the patient's pulse, gave him a cordial and cautioned him: "Look out, Hatch, and not get excited!"

Then he left the men together.

Robert Beresford seated himself by the bedside, and said, in a voice whose clear, manly quality was not easily forgotten by those who once heard it: "Before you begin, my friend, I have a word to say. It's not much. It's only, I'm sorry for you, man, from the bottom of my heart. I'm sorry for what there may be in the past to trouble you now, and if you will believe this, and will tell me any way in which I can serve you I shall be glad to do it."

There was a glimmer of grateful feeling in the gloomy eyes.

"It's like you to say that, sir," said Hatch. "I knew you would, if you found me lyin' here."

"How is it you knew so much about me, Hatch?"

"I know more than you'd think, sir. It's four years last May since I first saw you."

"Four years last May!" repeated Robert Beresford. There was a reason why he should remember that May, of all Mays!

"Yes; I'd come down on the railroad as far as your place, when Joe was off like a streak—he was a restless little feller—ellers takin' it into his head to strike off on his own account."

"Who was Joe?"

"Joe's my boy, sir. He's a likely little dog. He's been all the world to me." The man paused. There was a little quiver about his mouth.

Robert Beresford thought of Philip, and the

bond of a common feeling drew him closer to the man lying there.

Hatch looked up suddenly.

"You've seen Joe, sir," he said.

"I have! When have I seen Joe?"

"It was that mornin' I sat behind the hedge of your grounds and Joe had trotted inside through the gate, and had found a big swing which took his eyes. He was a starin' at it with all his might when you came along."

Hatch paused at this point. His hearer tried in vain to recall the circumstance. All that scene in the grounds had passed from his memory—had been swallowed up in the tragedy that happened a little later.

Hatch resumed his talk.

"When you caught sight of Joe, you stopped a minute and stared, and then you drew up behind him still as a shadde. I thought you meant to give him a beatin' for intrudin' on your premises. I jest turned fierce as a tiger. I set a world o' store by Joe. The thought that any man would lay hands on him, set my blood on fire. I had a big club in the grass. I griped that. I knew I could leap the hedge in a jiff. I was jest a wild beast that minute. One blow on the little feller's body and I'd a been on you; and you'd a measured your length on the ground, and likely never riz again, and there was Joe with his back toward you, and his eyes, big as saucers, on that swing, not dreamin' either of us was watchin' him! Then all of a sudden you bent down, crotched him up in your arms, and lifted him over your head, and he sprawlin', and a kickin', and the breath knocked out of him, it was all done so quick.

"I couldn't make out what your game was then, but I caught a glimpse of your face, and I see you'd never had an idee o' hurtin' Joe. But I sat still as though I'd been struck by lightnin'; and when Joe see the laugh in your eyes he gave a screech, atwixt wonder and joy—he al'ays took to fun as a duck does to water—and when you tossed him up in the air, and he a shoutin' at the top of his lungs as though you two had knowed each other all your lives, and you was jest a good play-feller instead of a grand gentleman, and I a watchin' behind the hedge with a kind of a notion the skies might drop any minute—"

Again Hatch paused. He felt the man beside him, listening intently to every word, give a sudden start. It came back in a flash. Robert Beresford saw the summer morning—the little boy standing on the edge of the fresh grass—it must have been while they two were having their fun together that the other thing had happened!

"You remember?" asked Hatch.

"Yes, I remember." There was a look in the gentleman's eyes that Hatch could not understand, but it made him silent.

In a minute or two Beresford said: "Go on!"

In the next half hour Hatch had related all that occurred that morning. He repeated the talk with the gardener as though he had just listened to it. He described, in his rough, graphic way, his struggles before he could bring his mind to giving up Joe—the sight of the boy in his fresh clothes; and their talk as they went up to the house where the interview with the maid had changed Joe's fortunes.

Nobody could have listened to the story unmoved; but all the time Robert Beresford was thinking how he was sitting in his library when the messenger came, and how, a minute later, he was galloping madly through the May morning.

In the grief that fell and stunned him at that time, Joe had, of course, quite vanished from his mind. From that day to this, the boy had scarcely entered his thoughts.

By the time Hatch was through he was thoroughly exhausted. Beresford put a glass of water to his lips.

"There's something more to tell," he gasped, as soon as he was a little revived. "I—I saw you once after that!"

He looked at his visitor with such a scared, agonized look that Beresford laid his hand on the man's arm, and asked, in his kindest way: "When was that, my friend?"

"Ah, sir, perhaps you won't speak to me like that when you come to hear the truth. Perhaps you'll think I'm a villainous dog as don't deserve carin' for, and turn your back and go out o' that door and leave me to the devil that has a claim on me."

"The devil's claim to any man is something I shall never acknowledge. You may be sure of that, Hatch!"

The invalid fumbled with his big-veined hands at his sheet.

"I can't die without makin' a clean breast of it!" he muttered. "It may stand in Joe's way, though."

"No," said Beresford. "It shan't stand in Joe's way."

With a dreadful effort the next words were gasped out: "I was one o' the men who laid in wait for you that night! If it hadn't been for me you'd never have got out o' them woods alive!"

"What do you mean?" Robert Beresford sprung from his chair, as he spoke.

It was now nearly a year and a half since his race for life through the dark, November woods. He had never obtained the slightest clue to the criminals. His broken wrist still gave him trouble at times.

During the next quarter of an hour, the mystery which had so effectually baffled him, was cleared up.

Hatch, with several of his old tramping comrades was in Massachusetts. The cold weather was coming on. The men were out of money and out of work. They had been prowling around the

country, until poverty, idleness and desperation made them ready for any rascally work that fell in their way.

That afternoon when Beresford was riding out to his friend's, he had come across a farmer mounted on a load of hay. The man was an old acquaintance. The two had stopped and had some talk, mostly about the weather and the crops; but in answer to an inquiry of the farmer, Robert Beresford had stated where he was going that afternoon.

On the other side of the road, a man, skulking behind a stone wall, had listened to this talk. This man was one of Hatch's comrades, and they were now out on a tramp together. As Beresford rode away, a villainous plot hatched itself in the ruffian's brain. He had neither courage nor skill to carry it out alone. He resolved to share the peril and the plunder with two cronies; one of these was Hatch, on whom he could rely. He sought them at once. He laid open his plot to their greedy ears. He had heard the man on horseback say that he should not return until after dark. The road home would take him through the woods. A cry of distress might serve for a decoy. The farther they could draw their victim from the road before they laid hands on him, the better for their purposes. The prize this time was a gentleman, the ruffian averred to his comrades. It was a chance worth trying for. There might be a big haul of money and more or less valuables. Everything would be in their favor—the night, the lonely woods, the swift surprise, three stout fellows armed, desperate, against one man without any means of defense, with no human being in reach of his voice.

When the matter had been thoroughly canvassed, the villains made their murderous compact; they took their oaths to stand by each other; they drank heavily to steady their nerves and to drown any scruples they might have about shooting their victim if he made the slightest resistance. After dark they went into the woods together. Hatch had a gift of imitating the voices of men and animals. It was his cry which had drawn Robert Beresford into the heart of the woods that night.

When the moon rode out of the clouds, and a pale beam touched the calm, resolute face, Hatch had instantly recognized it. In his better moments, the man had all along cherished a vague purpose of bringing Joe back to the gentleman who had so strangely befriended him. But time and drink had weakened the impulse of that morning. Then the two had wandered off into northern New York, where Hatch had been leading a vagrant life, returning occasionally to work and sobriety; but idleness and bad blood had got the upper hand again.

Hatch's discovery had instantly sobered him.

In what followed, he had acted on the spur of the moment, hardly conscious of what he was doing. He only knew that an awful horror and remorse was forcing him on—that every fibre in his brawny frame seemed suddenly possessed of more than human strength; he would have fought with giants to save the life of the man he had been hunting to the death.

He was not, however, to escape himself. One of his comrades, maddened by his defection and the victim's escape, had turned suddenly and fired. Hatch was wounded in the breast. Exposure and neglect had inflamed the hurt. Hatch had feared to seek a doctor lest inquiries should lead to detection. When he resumed his tramps, he found the old strength was gone; though his iron frame had not wholly broken down until he met with the accident on the railroad.

By the time he had finished, Hatch was more exhausted than ever. What the confession cost him, only the man who heard it and saw the twitching of the lips, the writhing of the big frame, the drops on the forehead, could ever imagine.

After Beresford had held the water to his lips again, the sick man continued: "You know the wust now, sir. It's too late to do me any harm; but there's Joe, you promised me it shouldn't stand in his way."

"I promise you that again, Hatch, now that I know all. I shall always remember that it was to Joe I owed my life that night."

At those words there was a flash of unutterable joy and gratitude in the man's eyes.

When Robert Beresford saw that, he asked quickly: "What is it you want me to do for Joe, Hatch?"

"Jest what I wanted you to do for him the day we went up to your house, and I'd brought my mind to the partin'. I want Joe to have a chance. He's got good stuff in him. He takes after his mother. I've kept him from seein' the vile side o' things. He ain't much more notion on't, for all the rough times we've had together, than your own boy has, sir. I don't ask you to make him a gentleman; but if you'll only give him a chance, Joe'll come out an honest man."

Robert Beresford laid his white hand on the big, hard one.

"Joe shall have his chance. You may trust him to me, Hatch."

"You'll think of your own boy al'ays, sir, when it comes to dealin' with Joe?"

"I will think of my own boy always when it comes to dealing with Joe," answered Robert Beresford, solemnly.

No oath could have sealed the promise of the living man to the dying one more strongly.

"I'm satisfied, sir," answered Hatch, and a look of inexpressible relief stole over the haggard face.

There was a knock at the door. The gentleman

must leave at once if he would not lose the next train. One of the partners was to take the steamer the following day for Europe. He could not go without a last interview with Beresford.

The doctor thought Hatch might hold out a week or more. Beresford promised to return, if possible, by the next afternoon. Joe would probably be there by that time. He had been left behind in the country when his father set off on what proved to be his last tramp.

(To be continued.)

A CASTILIAN SERENADE.

UNDER thy window, my sweet! my sweet!
Hath strayed my spirit with willing feet;
The stars lean over with tender light
To list to my pleading minstrelsy;
Wilt thou not cause them to pale to-night
With envy beside thy glowing eyes,
Inola! my sweet Inola?

Exquisite fragrances haunt the air
On wandering winds; in the balmy south
Floats the clear white moon. Oh, hear my prayer,
Thou Rose of Castile! with thy wine-red mouth
Whisper an answer adown the night
That shall melt my soul with its delight—

Inola! my dark Inola!

Listen, Inola! my spirit calls
Through the hush of the tropical night;
My fancy is scaling these ruined walls
To watch in thy chamber's dim rose-light
The upward drift of thy wakening eyes,
If I should whisper, "Sweet love, arise!"

Inola! my proud Inola!

Art thou flushed in sleep at my daring thought?
Hath thy bosom beneath its vesture stirred
Like the fluttering of some timid bird?
Rest thou in peace; I have not sought
To startle thee in thy dainty nest
By the fire of my own heart's unrest—

Inola! my pure Inola!

O Rose of Castile, the night is faint,
And the heliotrope and roses wait
With exquisite sighs of fond complaint!
Lean out, my love, from thy lattice gate,
The flowers tremble to know their fate,
The hour will pass—'tis late! so late!

Inola! my coy Inola!

There rings the cry of some lost night-bird,
And the vine on thy bower is faintly stirred,
And, fluttering, falling close at my feet,
Dividing the night, is the rose thou hast kissed!
There is no sweetness its life hath missed—

The touch of thy lips embalmed it, sweet!

Inola! my love Inola!

MAY N. HAWLEY.

OUR TRAVELING CLUB.

No. 8.

LONDON—Continued.

AS our traveling club is in London to-day," observed Dr. Kent, "we should by all means attend the Exhibition of the English Academy."

"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed his son. "Yesterday we were at the National Gallery (or imagined ourselves there), and I confess I could not appreciate the old paintings I saw there by Velasquez, Veronese, Rubens, etc., at all. It seemed to me that Sir Charles Eastlake's original suggestion had been carried into effect. You remember, Miss Alice, he said: 'The Annunciation,' by Claude, 'would be much improved if you were to take a little dust and rub that over it; that would do great good.' He also remarked that 'dirt has the effect of glazing.' The colors also looked to me either flaring and dingy, and the limbs were out of all proportion. I decidedly wish to see some modern paintings."

"Frederic," said his mother, with a laughing reproof, "it cannot be the fault of these great masters if they do not satisfy an untrained schoolboy. Your taste is not sufficiently educated to appreciate their harmony and richness of coloring, or to grasp their subtle beauty of expression."

"I expect most of us to make the same mistake," I observed, "and are amazed that we do not fully enjoy these old paintings when we have had no true artistic education, and are even ignorant of what kind of excellence we may expect. We are only accustomed to art without genius which has already learned all the rules and correct methods, and we miss the modern correctness, and forget to enjoy the exquisite spirit of beauty which illuminates them."

"Which is the most popular painting this year (1878) at the Academy?" asked one of our party.

"Among the landscapes, I should say decidedly, Mr. Brett's 'Cornish Lions.' It has a brilliant effect, for a cloudless sky, full of radiant sunshine, extends over the dazzling cliffs; but I like better the softer, more subdued light of Cole's 'Showery Day,' perhaps because it reminds me of some lonely walks and rides during an English spring, when the days were checkered with flying clouds and gleaming sunlight."

"I like both better than Mr. Burne Jones and his school. They are so affectedly old-fashioned, so ostentatiously full of sentiment. The whole atmosphere of the scene is full of sleepy reverie, which produces an equally strong sense of *ennui* in myself, the beholder. Instead of queens and cupids, knights and angels, I would like to see such paintings as Wilkie's, where a genuine crowd of peasants with every-day hopes and joys seem to spring to life upon the canvas."

"There is a fine painting by Mr. Herkomer," observed Mrs. Kent. "Since you like to see the life and action—or the repose—of to-day depicted, Katherine, you would admire this; although I think the pathos of the subject makes one half forget the skill of the artist. It is an 'Evening in the Westminster Workhouse.' The feeble figures in the distance, the one leaning heavily on a staff, the shadows falling around them in the long, bare room, seem to repeat with greater force and emphasis the sadness of such an old age, without the crown of honor and tender reverence which it should wear in the household."

"I think that most of the Academy paintings are upon domestic subjects this year. We see very few of the classic or Oriental scenes in which French artists delight."

At this point in our conversation we noticed that the boys had formed themselves into a committee, as it were, and had evidently some scheme of their own in view.

Two of them had become amateur editors of a little paper, which they issued in semi-monthly numbers with great pride and care. It had been patronized largely by friends and acquaintances, and there was a rumor in our circle to the effect that the oldest of the juvenile editors had been introduced to the governor of the State, soon after his election, at a public meeting, and had been thanked for the minute but glowing editorial extra in his praise! However this may have been, the youthful partners were enthusiastic in regard to presses, types, etc., and were always anxious to inveigle us into an editorial sanctum.

"I see," cried Katherine, "it is a conspiracy, most worthy president."

"Yes; but you won't refuse to leave even the Academy when I tell you *where we are going*," said Harry Halstead. "It is not to any insignificant, grimy, back-alley office we wish to carry the club this time. It is to the *Times* establishment."

"I should be delighted to go," said Dr. Kent, benignly. "I suppose you know the locality?"

"Oh, yes. That is, there is a very handsome front on Queen Victoria Street—a splendid approach, it is true; but I would go in by a smaller door on the north side, for there is a memorial tablet over the keystone, placed there by the gratitude of the commercial community of London—think of the whole city!—for the public spirit and energy of the *Times* in exposing a great fraud, and thus saving almost a million of money."

"That was fine," said Katherine, with sparkling eyes. "And I have heard that during the great railroad mania, the *Times*, in energetic and clear editorials, gave warning of its unstable and deceptive character, although by so doing it sacrificed an immense amount of money brought in by the diffuse and daily advertisements of the railroad companies. Their gains were, and would have

remained, unprecedented, had the mania continued; but, thanks to the influence of the *Times* articles, it abated, and the editors were left with much diminished receipts, but an unblemished honor and clear conscience."

"It is a very true history of a very unselfish course in journalism," said Dr. Kent. "You see, Harry, we are all prepared to fully sympathize with your enthusiasm. But I believe we have reached the building."

"Yes," said Harry. "But though the front is very handsome, it gives no idea of the real extent of the premises behind it. The whole of the building was planned and superintended by Mr. Walter—who is the moving spirit everywhere—with only the assistance of a clerk; and you will notice how closely he has adapted every detail to comfort and use. No one who was not thoroughly acquainted with practical printing and publishing could have satisfied their requirements half so well. By the way, every brick is brought from the brick-fields at the place in Berkshire where the *Times* was first edited; so the building, within and without, is the appropriate establishment of this widely-known paper."

"By the steps which ascend here, we enter the hall of advertisements. Is it not vast? Here the immense profits of the paper are made, and this is the scene of the self-sacrifice of which Katherine spoke. It reminds one of a bank interior, with the rows of clerks seated at long counters."

"Except that is not half so comfortable as these pleasant quarters. Here is a long range of windows looking on Queen Victoria Street. What a crowded, busy scene of bustling life it is!" observed Miss Alice.

"This is one of the centres of the world, you know," remarked Dr. Kent. "Every one takes up a copy of the *Times* in England—or, indeed, wherever Englishmen and women live, sometimes in the farthest parts of the earth—to see who is dead or who is married. Here you find all the various advertisements of six and four per cent. bonds, joint stock companies (limited), etc., etc., which possess a thrilling interest for those who have money to invest."

"We will not examine these to-day," said Mrs. Kent, with a little smile.

"But there is something for every one. A treasure of a cook—or, perhaps *vice versa*, of a mistress—new guns, new medicines, exquisite editions of books, some antique work of art or great painting. Besides, there are the temporary advertisements—as of theatres, operas, lines of steamers which are coming and going continually, and offering every inducement for a 'traveler's club' which seeks new lands to explore."

"Charming!" exclaimed Katherine. "But there is too much to see in England even to dream of leaving her shores. With your permission, we

will go on to the first floor, where the editorial gentlemen preside."

"Their rooms are airy and well-arranged. Yonder is the manager's apartment, which we may consider the 'hub' of the whole system; and at the farther end of the passage is the room of the city editor, with his clerks in an antechamber. The work here goes on chiefly during the day, but even at night it cannot be gloomy with the view of the river below bearing the eternal stars upon its heaving and restless bosom."

"Is there anything of special interest in the editor's sanctuary?" asked Miss Alice.

"Nothing which we would be permitted to look at. Under the paper-weights, and on file, are a vast number of slips bearing secret information of tottering firms, and banks implicated in their fall. The editor, of course, is guided by these in a great measure, but does not publish them. But let us go on."

"The rooms are very silent up here."

"That is because they belong to many contributors who never come on duty until a much later hour. This chamber, immediately under the roof, well-lighted and fireproof, is a noble library. Of course, all the editions of the *Times* are on file here from the beginning, and you feel transported in a dead world when you read the morning's bulletins of battles long gone by, and items of intelligence concerning party leaders now silent in the dust."

"If you go down these stairs, you will find yourself in a whirl and rush of modern news, for here is the telegraph-room at the end of the corridor. A special wire from Paris is at work all night, and through Paris flies the latest tidings from Vienna and Berlin, and through Berlin from St. Petersburg and South-eastern Europe. Each Sunday night there is a special wire from India. This instrument which you see is an exact duplicate of the one in Paris, and the operator plays on a set of keys like a piano; if the operator in Paris touches the key marked 'f,' instantly an 'f' is printed in London on the strip of narrow ribbon running through the machine, from which the English operator dictates sentence by sentence to the man at the composing machine near by."

"This composing machine has keys like a piano also; but I will not stop to describe it, as we must look at the famous Walter Press, and these pneumatic tubes by which all hand-carrying is abolished, and, without noise or bustle or mistake, the manuscripts go down and the proof-sheets ascend."

"The Walter Press is the last and most perfect invention of printing, is it not?"

"Yes; and the delicate machinery leaves but little for man to do. One man and a couple of boys can attend to two, and each one prints rapidly a web of paper over four miles long—only think of it!—and divides into separate copies, and,

if necessary, folds these and drops them into a box. After the packages are sorted, they are thrown through shafts to the wagons and carts which wait below to receive them, and are whirled away by mail trains to every part of England."

"The stereotyping is an interesting process, and very rapid," said Frederic.

"Yes, only ten minutes elapse between the handing down the type-forms from the composing machine and having the stereotype ready for printing."

"It seems like a fairy land of work," I said. "How swiftly and silently, and with what perfect order, all is accomplished! It is wonderful!"

"The establishment has here an engine-room, with one engine of sixty and two of twenty-five horse-power. There is also an electrotype by which maps of campaigns and daily charts of the weather are prepared," observed Dr. Kent.

"Perhaps, as we have been sight-seeing all day, you would like to visit the *Times* dining-rooms. You can call for anything you wish from the well-ordered kitchen, or refresh yourself from those cups of beer, which are engraved '*Times* companionship,' and then—for our young editor is looking at his watch—our club must adjourn until our next meeting. *Au revoir.*'"

ELLA F. MOSBY.

ANECDOTE OF MR. WEBSTER.

DANIEL WEBSTER used to tell, with keen relish, of his return to his old home in Salisbury, New Hampshire, after his fame had become national. He found his way alone to a farm next to that where he had been born, and met a grumpy old neighbor, whom he well remembered, driving his cows a-field. Finding himself unrecognized, Mr. Webster had the fancy to see how much his old friends had enjoyed his success.

"A man named Webster used to live hereabouts?" he said, interrogatively.

"Yes; Ebenezer Webster. *He's* dead."

"I believe the old gentleman had some sons?"

"Oh, yes; he had sons."

Mr. Webster waited a moment, but there was no mention of "the god-like Daniel."

"Ah—what became of the sons?" he asked.

"Well, Ezekiel *he's* dead. He was as good-lookin' a man as ever I saw, was Zeke."

"And the younger boys?"

"Well, Samwell *he's* rich. He was a wide-awake, fellow, Samwell."

"There was a Daniel?" at last suggested Webster.

"Daniel! I do mind an ill-favored cub of that name. I don't know what 'come of Daniel. But no good, I'll wager—no good."

SABBATH BELLS.

O SABBATH bells!
O, soft and sweet!
Wooing the world
In God to meet,
Let me kneel down
Before your call,
And tell you all,
O bells, my bells!

I loved a heart,
A heart loved me—
So pure and great—
Loved tenderly;
To-day—ring on!—
I only know
He lieth low—
O bells, my bells!

I press my cheek
Upon his breast,
No human sob
Can break his rest;
This life—toll slow!—
Is full of pain,
And all is vain—
O bells, my bells!

Dear Sabbath bells!
Renew my faith;
Sorrow is good,
The Spirit saith;
I pray—chime full—
God's will be done;
So joy is won—
O bells, my bells!

"Kiz."

SYSTEM.—Every young housekeeper who sits down and seriously studies out the subject will find herself a different being if she manages her affairs with system, or if she lets them manage her without it. It is true that before she is married all her study on the subject will be theoretical, and possibly somewhat impractical, and something like the house one builds and is enchanted with till coming to live in it. For there are things that only experience can teach, and in matters where the experience of nobody else can be of any material service. If her mother was a woman of system, the young housekeeper already has much of what she wants bred in her bone, as one may say. But, if her mother was an invalid, or was shiftless and thriftless, was overwhelmed with troubles and babies, then the daughter has to strike out a path for herself. The sooner then that she remembers that there are but seven days in the week, and that that period of time constitutes one revolution of the household, the sooner she will come into her kingdom and reign undisturbed by her people.

Religious Reading.

THE BEAUTY OF THE LORD.

If we wish the beauty of the Lord our God to be upon us, we must receive His life and live it. We must live according to true order so far as we understand it; we must give up our own wills, so far as they are grounded in self-love and the love of the world, and compel ourselves to think and live a heavenly life; and then every organ and feature of our spiritual form will be moulded into a heavenly beauty.

Thus, if we wish to change our spiritual forms, the way lies plain before us. We must change our affections. And this we can do, or permit the Lord to do for us; for He dwells in the highest regions of our minds in His own Divine perfections, and is ever knocking to us to open the door and let Him descend to the ultimate plane of life. We have only to obey reverently His will as revealed in His own Word to secure the end desired; and His beauty will rest upon us, and become ours.

That such changes can be wrought in us by a change of affection, we know from actual observation. Not only the face, but the attitude of the whole form, changes with a change of affections. A great sorrow or a great success will sometimes so change the whole contour and form of the face that an intimate friend can hardly recognize us. The expression of the face is changed every moment in animated and varied discourse; and all that is necessary to establish any particular feature is, habitually to exercise the affection of which it is the form. Every time we exercise a good affection, we do something to mould ourselves into its form and to establish it as a permanent lineament in our features.

If we felt the full force of this truth, it would often have a controlling influence over our minds and the affections we exercise. There are many who are careful enough of their external appearance. They take good care of their manners, their dress, their complexion, but think little of the beauty or deformity they are *becoming* while they are thinking of these very things. When we regard the consequences of our actions so far as they affect others and react upon ourselves in the form of pleasure or pain, we think we have taken the whole into account. But we have omitted the most important effect, the change actually wrought in our spiritual forms.

Who would wish to become the embodiment of pride and vanity so that they should appear in every feature and act in every motion? And yet every time we are proud or vain we do something toward becoming their forms. The pangs of envy are great enough in themselves, it would seem; but who could bear the thought of being the embodiment of that vile passion? And yet we cannot be envious without changing ourselves, for the time we exercise the passion, into its form. Who would not shrink with horror at the thought of being, in the light of Heaven, the personification of low cunning or spiteful malice? To have the shrewd leer of the one lurking in the eye and stealing forth from every feature; or the vile pas-

sion of the other loading the breath and stinging every one into spite against others! It would be more than the brand of Cain, and we might well cry out if we knew it, "My punishment is greater than I can bear." Are there any who would voluntarily give themselves up to become the personification of anger and revenge? or who would dedicate themselves in all coming time to be the type of avarice? And yet whenever we give way to these passions we become their infernal deformities; and if we do it habitually, we fashion ourselves into their deformity. We turn away with disgust from the loathsome reptiles that crawl forth from the slime and love the foul places of the earth; but they are the correspondents and forms of sensual affections; and by indulging such affections we transform ourselves into their likeness. We are all actors in the great drama of life; and it is to many a terrible tragedy, for we not only act our part, but we become it. We cannot throw off the mask when it is ended. If we choose an evil part we are henceforth that evil. All its deformities are wrought into us; its ugly lineaments are traced in every line and feature of the face; and its inmost soul flames forth in every expression and starts in every motion. The disguises we assumed and loved to personate have become realities, and the whole being is moulded into the dominant love. This is a penalty which we think little of, but which we cannot escape, for it inheres in the very nature and conditions of life. It matters not whether we play our part in public or private, there is no hiding-place where we can escape from ourselves. If we can conceal our deformities from others by fair pretence, we often think we have avoided the most serious consequences of evil; but that is only a small item in the terrible catalogue. If it were possible that we could hide from the eye of Omnipotence itself, we should still be the evil we loved, and its repulsive and loathsome life would be embodied in every feature and motion. How repulsive, we may form some conception of, from monstrous animal and insect forms; for as all that is good and beautiful in the world is a correspondent of all that is good and beautiful in man, so his evils and falses are represented in all that is wild, fierce, poisonous and destructive. And whenever we suffer any evil to become our dominant love, its representation, however loathsome it may be to the natural sight, is really our type of beauty, and we seek on all occasions to transform ourselves into it. To my mind there is no consequence of evil so terrible as this. The fabled furies armed with a whip of scorpions pursuing the guilty soul is nothing to becoming the embodiment of the fury. To know that we have changed the glorious beauty and sweetness of Heaven into infernal deformity—that we have become it, and that we must forever be the embodiment and personification of that lust we have loved and practised here—this is the hell whose terrors are the most awful.

But we gladly turn away from these fearful consequences of loving and practicing evil to those sublime and beautiful results which flow from the operation of the same law, from loving and living

the good and the true. It is often said that virtue is its own reward; and it is, in the same sense that vice is its own punishment; and a much greater reward than the mere pleasure that flows from its exercise or the approbation it secures from all the good. By the love of goodness we become the embodiment of it. The virtues and affections are as various and as numerous as human souls, and whatever affection predominates, the soul becomes the form and type of that affection. It is modified by the relative strength of the other affections, so that there are no two affections exactly alike, as there are no two faces. Yet the dominant love gives tone and character to all the others, and appears in them, as there are features and expressions common to families and nations. We have offered to us, then, this reward for living the life of goodness. We shall become more and more fully and perfectly the form of that good we love and do. Every feature of the face will be moulded into its beauty—every expression will shine with its affection. It will sparkle and glow in the eyes, it will play in every varying form about the lips, it will modulate and give the sweetness of heavenly harmony to every tone, it will pervade every limb and organ, and sway every motion to gracefulness, and give proportion, symmetry and angelic beauty to the whole form. Go where we will, on earth, in the world of spirits, in Heaven or in hell, we shall be the embodiment and type of that affection, and all its winning graces and attractive loveliness will play through us and flow from us. As light from the sun, as fragrance from the flower, so will the sphere of our love flow from us and communicate itself to others, and draw all of a concordant affection toward us, and bind them to us by the indissoluble bonds of attractive sympathies.

We see this effect of a life of goodness and truth even here. There are faces that we love to look upon though wasted by sickness and wrinkled with age. The splendor of a beautiful soul shines through the crumbling walls of the body, and the sphere of innocence and tried virtue flows forth as delicious fragrance from the heart. Honesty and manly firmness, unswerving integrity, bright honor or tender pity, loving trustfulness, delicate sympathy, white innocence, in manifold forms and graces, shine through the walls of clay, and blend in wondrous beauty in the material face and form. But the most that we can see is but little compared with what really exists within. When these impediments are removed our affections will shine forth in their true form and brightness. "Such as are principled in mutual love continually advance in Heaven toward the morning of youth; and the more thousands of years they live, the more nearly they attain to a joyous and delightful spring; and so on to eternity with fresh increments of blessedness, according to their progress and advancement in mutual love, charity and faith, until they acquire a beauty surpassing all description. For it is in the nature of goodness and charity to form and establish their own image in such persons, causing the delight and loveliness of charity to be expressed in every feature of the face, so that such persons become the forms of charity itself. Such is the living form of charity as beheld in Heaven, at once portrayed by and portraying charity, and that in a manner so expressive that the whole angel, more particularly

as to the countenance, appears and is perceived as charity itself. This form of exquisite beauty affects the inmost life of the mind of him who beholds it with charity; and by the beauty of that form the truths of faith are imaged forth, and thereby rendered perceptible. Those who have lived in faith toward the Lord, that is, in faith grounded in charity, become such forms of beauty in another life; all the angels are such forms with infinite variety, and of these Heaven is composed." Such is the description of heavenly beauty given by Swedenborg, who was permitted to see it that he might describe it and make it known to us. At another time he was permitted to see a husband and wife who had lived together in Heaven since the golden age of humanity in the flower of perpetual youth. "From the eyes of the husband shone forth a light sparkling from the wisdom of love, from which light his face was as if interiorly radiant, and from this radiance the skin was throughout resplendent, whereby his whole face was one resplendent comeliness. The beauty of the wife was inexpressible. In her face was a splendor of shining light that made his sight dim. Her beauty was such that no painter could emulate and exhibit in its form, for his colors have no such lustre, nor can his art express such beauty." But even this is not all. Their dress in every particular, and all the objects that surround them, are of a corresponding beauty and splendor. Their garments shine with a white or flaming light, according to the truths and affections they represent and have become.

Is such the glorious prospect before you and me, dear reader? Is this the state upon which our friends who have already gone before us have entered—our children, our wives, our husbands and parents? Is this the state we are striving to lay the foundation of and to form in ourselves and our children here? We are all striving to *get* something. We hasten from morning till night. We level the hills and fill the valleys, bridge the ocean and embowel the earth, to get something. We explore nature, we grasp on all sides, we plant, and build, and reap, to get houses, and lands, and gold; we study by night and by day, and plot and counterplot, that we may attain social and political station. Why not strive to *be* something? We assume virtues for an end, and why not make it our end to be the virtue? Then our comeliness will not be the glorious beauty of the fading flower. Then our treasures will not be on earth but in Heaven. We shall be our own treasures and carry our own riches with us. This is the highest wisdom; it is the only wisdom. This is the sure and highest reward of goodness. For the more fully we become the forms of the goodness and truth of Heaven, the more fully, and orderly, and blessed will be our reception of the Divine Life, the more beautiful we shall become ourselves, the more we shall communicate to others, and thus again the more we shall receive. Who, in view of such consequences, will not make his life the prayer, "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us?"

REV. CHAUNCY GILES.

CURIOSITY in children is but an appetite after knowledge, and no wise parent will check this thirst by neglecting the inquiries of a child.

Mother's Department.

CARE OF INFANTS.*

THE French Society of Hygiene, at a meeting held in 1878, appointed a commission of eminent medical men to consider the important subject of "Hygiene and Education of Infants." Memoirs were called for, and fifty-three sent to the commission. After examination, prizes were awarded to ten. These ten memoirs were then condensed into a small pamphlet, which the French Society of Hygiene published at a cheap rate in order to give it the widest possible circulation. A translation of this memoir has been made by Geo. E. Walton, M. D., Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine in the Cincinnati College of Medicine and Surgery, and published by Robert Clarke & Co., of Cincinnati, Ohio. Price, 25 cents. We make a few selections, to show the character of this little book.

THE DWELLING.—The infant is born—it respites. The principal of all the functions, the most indispensable to its existence—that which will only cease with the last moments of its life—is respiration; that is to say, the continual passage of air into the lungs. How important, then, to the new-born is the purity of the air which it beathes. The air being pure, all the other conditions already mentioned being punctually fulfilled, the infant will grow to your fondest desire, will be rose-colored—vermillion even. The air being bad, insufficient, and vitiated by deleterious emanations, the infant, on the contrary, will be pale, unhealthy and exhausted.

It is exceedingly necessary, in large cities, that the infants enjoy, along with the family, a sufficient proportion of that air which is one-half of their nourishment and one-half of their life.

In the suburbs and in the country the air does not fail in quantity, but, even there, sometimes, in quality.

Finally, in either case, the dwelling may be badly located, may be cold, or may not receive the sun's rays. It is very well-known that it is to the bad hygienic conditions of the house that must be chiefly attributed the numerous maladies which follow infants from the cradle.

AIR.—The windows of the room where the infant sleeps should be opened every day, so that the air which he has already respired may be renewed.

There is no fear of too much fresh air. Air judiciously renewed is never injurious; it is currents of air that are to be dreaded. But, however a room may be situated, or whatever its dimensions, the cradle may always be so placed that it will be sheltered from drafts of air.

Nevertheless, under pretext of giving air, the limits indicated by reason should not be exceeded. Thus, on rainy days, days of snow or high winds, the chamber should remain closed, unless the infant can be taken to another apartment during the entire progress of aeration, which should never continue less than one hour.

It is imprudent to open the windows either too soon in the morning or too late in the evening.

* "Hygiene and Education of Infants; or, How to take Care of Babes." Price, 25 cents. Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

The chamber, especially if it is small, always retains impure air, which should be expelled. To well air the room is not all then; it is necessary that linen, soiled and wet by the infant, should not remain in the apartment.

SOUND.—The ear of an infant requires certain precautions. This organ is in immediate relation with the brain, which requires the most perfect calm. A mother or intelligent nurse will always find ways to guard the ear of the baby against intense and repeated noise, against sharp and penetrating sounds.

LIGHT.—The beautiful brightness of the golden sun is indispensable to the new-born. In an obscure or shaded chamber the infant languishes and perishes.

Behold those poor, little beings with countenances wan and wrinkled, who are always plunged in a black and stifling atmosphere. What a contrast to the fresh and rosy babies, which expand in fresh air and abounding light. It is, however, necessary not to fall into the contrary excess, since the eyes of a young infant are delicate organs, the susceptibility of which must be regarded. A too brilliant light striking suddenly upon them may cause cerebral or visual troubles more or less serious.

It is then necessary to avoid the dangerous impression produced by a ray of solar light reflected from a mirror or polished furniture, or which penetrates between the slats or openings in the shutters.

Not only may this cause the infant to squint, but vision may be affected thereby in the future.

GOING OUT.—To keep the infant in a chamber well cleaned and well aired is a great deal; but it is not enough. It is necessary that he have exercise, and that he be taken out whenever the weather will permit.

The only exercise of the new-born consists in the movements which he makes with his arms and legs. At the time his morning toilet is made, it is good to leave him, for some moments, naked before the fire, upon the lap of the nurse. He will then stretch and move his limbs, which are at full liberty.

In winter, you should wait until the infant is fifteen days old, at least, before taking it out into the open air, the face covered with a veil. In the summer time he can be taken out when eight days old. Previously, he should have been gradually prepared for the light and external air by holding him before an open window.

After the infant has been taken out for the first time, he should then pass two or three hours each day out of doors, according to the weather and the season.

EXERCISE—WALKING.—As soon as the infant can sit up—that is, toward the seventh or eighth month—he may be placed on the floor, seated on a rug or mat and surrounded with pillows; then he is given little playthings devoid of colored paints. He draws himself from one plaything to another, and gradually comes to stand up and to walk. But do not permit him to walk too soon. An infant that walks alone at eight or nine months is exposed to many kinds of deformity. From the

time that he endeavors to walk by himself, it is necessary to place by the stove, fire-place, windows and doors, fire-guards and barriers, to protect him from his inexperience. To protect him from falls, a cushion or roll may be wrapped about the fore-head.

Baby-jumpers and perambulating carriages, that sustain the infant under the arms, and which permit them to rest on their legs before they are strong enough to support themselves, should never be employed. Much better is it to support them by simply placing the open hand under each arm, near the arm-pit, or by holding upon the dress.

But especially should care be taken not to lift

them by one arm, to assist in jumping a gutter, going up stairs or stepping up a curb-stone. There is danger in that way of dislocating the shoulder or wrist.

These extracts, which relate to only a few of the important subjects connected with the Hygiene and Education of Infants which are treated of in "How to take Care of the Babies," will give a good idea of this little book. As the cost is only twenty-five cents, it is within reach of all who may desire to have it. Every young mother should, by all means, send for it. The suggestions it gives may be the means of preventing disease in her baby, or of saving its life.

The Home Circle.

PIPSEY AT HOME.

LAST week we sewed. There were a good many humble little jobs of sewing that we preferred to do ourselves. Girls of nowadays cannot enter into the spirit of patching with the zest that we older women bring to this work. We love such employment. There is a coziness and restfulness in it that soothes and makes one happy. Sister Bodkin's mother-in-law lives with the doctor's family now, and she says it rests and delights her amazingly to sit in a clean, warm room and cut and sew hit-and-miss carpet-rags. She prefers it above all other work.

We said: "Wouldn't you want the white window-curtains half drawn?"

To which she answered: "Yes, and the cat lying on the rug with its sleepy, purring song."

The Bodkin family is "made up" and perfect now since grandma came to live with them.

My work was a little like grandma's—the soothing kind. We wanted to make the deacon "a garment," we called it, for lack of a better name; something to wear outside of his flannel shirt and under his vest. Then, in moderate weather, or while chopping or sawing wood, he could dispense with his coat, and have the better freedom of his arms. Farmers and farmers' wives will understand, and we have no doubt they will be glad of the hints we may give them. Men, too, who work in shops, and factories, and among machinery, are glad of free arms and close-fitting sleeves that yield to active motion. More than one poor fellow's limbs, and sometimes life, would have been saved had the outer garment been simply snugly-fitting, and free from folds and gathers and a surplus of cloth.

In our dark clothes-closet we searched for something as "good as new," of which to make the deacon's garment, and finally found a large waterproof circular, made twelve years ago, of goods that cost ten shillings a yard. The front and the hood were faded a little, but the quality of the cloth was better than when new. We were pleased, and said that the circular could begin to live a useful life now. How to cut it puzzled us. There was no pattern in the world that we knew of for "a garment for the deacon." We laid down a shirt, and took the measure across the back, the length of the sleeves, the size of the arm-place and

the length of the body; then we contrived a paper pattern to go by, not allowing any gathers about the neck or sleeves.

The circular was so soft, and thick, and woolly, that we saved enough out of the back of it for a skirt, provided we could get along without it. We went on the plan of taking our pay out of the head of the heap.

The body was made about as long as was the fashion of men's coats a few years ago, open in front, with the buttons placed well over and close together; long gussets in the sleeves, and small ones where the collar fitted on; no wristbands, but the sleeves were slightly sloped at the wrists; an outside pocket of the same, sewed on the left side, for pencil and paper. We succeeded in getting a good fit, snug and neat, and yet roomy and comfortable.

In cutting out such a garment, one must guard against getting it too wide across the shoulders. That makes a loose, baggy, uncomfortable "set" that must make the wearer feel really mean and ill-natured.

We rewarded ourself with the new skirt, cut over that pattern with a yoke at the top—one of Demorest's—and for the sake of using up the fragments, we took the beautiful scarlet empress cloth that lined the hood and used it in the trimming at the bottom. With stripe cut bias, and with pinked edges, the scarlet showing slightly beneath, we trimmed the new skirt handsomely.

Some woman suggests the propriety of pockets in skirts for emergencies, which we do most heartily approve and recommend. There are times and places when such a handy pocket is indispensable.

We thought of this once when we saw a lady teacher asleep in the cars, with her hand clutching the outside of the dress, so as to be sure her purse was safe. What plainer intimation would one of the light-fingered gentry desire than this expression of the whereabouts of the purse?

So this was the way we made one old-time wrap blossom out into newness and renewed usefulness. When we went to pick up the fragments—seams, and hems, and cornerwise bits—we said: "What elegant material for rugs! Blue, and gray, and brown, with these scraps of scarlet, will blend together so nicely." Nothing left but the sun-faded hood.

Just then we chanced to see the deacon's everyday coat on its peg on the porch, and both elbows and lower sides of the sleeves were dilapidated. Quick as thought, we cut the round form of the hood in two parts, and used them for patches, the sloping edge just fitting the curve of the elbow, and long enough to turn in and strengthen the failing cuffs and linings. Luck!

We were so elated over the success we had, that the next time we wanted a job of "picking up work" to rest us from cooking, studying and writing, we went back to the clothes-closet to look for more employment.

We had often regretted that we did not have some kind of a second-best wrap—something not quite nice enough for Sundays or important occasions—just about good enough for rainy Sundays, or unpleasant weather, or a run to the baker's, or butcher's, or the post-office.

We found it. A repellent cloak, made, perhaps, ten years ago, very wide and flaring, fastened with an outside belt, worn with or without a cape. Now we never did so very well like that cloak. It was too ample; the fullness fell into flapping folds in front whenever we walked in a hurry. To obviate this, we had fastened bands of elastic across to hold it back, and, finally, we had taken to wearing a better one of modern make, or a shawl.

What nice, amusing "picking up work" this would make! We drew out the extension-table and measured the condemned cloak over a last summer's linen ulster, and found that by deftly piecing, and contriving, and making it to button over in a left-handed way, we could easily make a comfortable and pretty ulster out of it. It was made fifty-seven inches in length, had a double Carrick collar, pockets, neat cuffs, two sentinel bands at the back and two rows of buttons down the front. But the cloudy days in January made such sewing hurt our eyes, and we have yet one item or two to make before it is finished. We want to put on the ornamental bit of trimming down the back—a cunning device which takes away the seeming breadth of the shoulders—and a small inside breast-pocket. The latter makes itself invaluable as a place to carry one's ticket in traveling on the railroad, and the former will make a place to put a very beautiful and elegant flat tassel, for which we none of us have had any use for many years.

We hope some of the readers of the HOME will gather suggestions from what we have written about the uses of old things. These timely helps are frequently worth a great deal to us.

A good woman who is confined to her home nearly all the time said to us lately: "Can't you help me contrive something out of my old dresses that would be nice to put on afternoons when I want to fix up and look pretty before the children and their father?"

Yes, we could do that, though we lay no claims to fine taste, nor do we very well understand the beauty, and fitness, and harmony of pretty things.

There was an old alpaca lustre, an old brown basket cloth, a very dark gray and a few breadths of well-kept wine-colored cashmere. Four dresses, and none of them good enough to wear. We advised her to put the black and gray together, turn the alpaca best side out, and let it be in the most conspicuous part of the dress. Black and

gray combine very tolerably; the latter prevents the former from showing signs of its faithful wear; they "meet each other half way," as it were. The brown and the wine-colored harmonize beautifully together. Any unfortunate grease-spot is easily removed with chloroform, and no bad odor will remain as though cleansed with benzine.

It is not advisable for any woman with a family of children to undertake to make over, and plan, and devise good dresses. Her time is not her own; hardly one whole hour in the day could she devote entirely to her business; and we all know how trying it is to one's patience to be called off when the thoughts are keenly intent on one's work. If a woman can only have one room set apart for her own individual use when she is busily engaged in cutting out and planning, one table all her own that does not have to be given up three times a day, her work is robbed of half of its worry and suspense. But the better plan is to engage assistance—get a competent woman to assume all responsibility. Tell her what is wanted, put the material into her hands; encourage her efforts; and when she is done, pay her well. Another good plan is to get a practical dressmaker to do the cutting and fitting, and then engage the services of the handy needlewoman to come to your house and do the rest of the work.

We are always glad to see mothers wanting to appear pretty in the eyes of their children. It is commendable. Let the little ones by all means remember "mother" as the prettiest woman in the world to them.

We thought of this the other day when we saw a middle-aged woman fixing ruffling and frills to wear about the necks of her dresses. She was poor, and her best every-day dress was blue calico with a little sprig in it; but about the wrists she put something white; we don't know what it was—maybe the folded white margin of a news-paper, or the best edge of a plait from a worn-out shirt-bosom; and about the neck was the veriest band of snowy dimity. Her hair was smooth, and the braids had the glisten of sheeny satin, tied up with a bit of brown ribbon. We saw this same woman making pretty and cheap frills for herself and her little daughters. They were made of thin muslin gathered double, starched with thin starch, and a paper folder run through them. They have to be pressed into the smallest possible compass while on the folder, and they must be gathered very full; twice or three times the length of the strip to which they are gathered will be none too much. Ruffles of fine Victoria or linen lawn, fluted, were made to wear on special occasions when they deemed their common every-day ones not quite good enough.

We learned a good many valuable things from this poor, neat, kind woman. She was ironing, and she had no more trouble with the starched garments than with the common, unstarched ones. She told us that a small easpoonful of mucilage added to a pint or more of starch, would give the beautiful gloss which we women so much admire in the fine laundry work that we buy. She said if women used it as they should, and were not so afraid of new things and new innovations, it would save them a vast amount of ill feeling and despondency over white collars and bosoms that they so often, with tears, threw back into the clothes-basket to be washed over. She kept a wide-

mouthing bottle of mucilage all the time at hand ready for use. It was made of clean gum arabic put into the bottle and covered with cold water, which was stirred occasionally until it dissolved. If too thick, add more water; if too thin, more gum. It will not sour nor ferment if made with cold water.

She told us that she always washed with soft soap made at home, instead of any of the strong kinds for sale at the groceries. And into a quart she always put a tablespoonful of turpentine, or a penny's worth of borax, or a spoonful of ammonium or benzine, or some detergent that aided the work materially and did not injure her hands.

We asked her if boiling the soap with the detergent added would not be better, but she said that a thorough and entire mixing was preferable, and that the soap would hold the drug better if not heated. Experience had taught us the value of her plan over our suggestion. There are so many ways in which we women can lighten our labors and lessen our cares, if we were only willing to let go the good old customs of other days and other times. Why not do so?

PIPSEY POTTS.

"A HARD THING TO DIE BY."

I THOUGHT that wild, winter night, when my baby died, and its little soul drifted out into the darkness, God knows where, orthodox religion is a terribly hard thing to die by."

The voice of the speaker was low and sad, but running through it was a tone of questioning defiance, as if none could give her comfort. He to whom she spoke was an old man, full of years and wisdom, whose expressive face told of hard-fought battles crowned with victory and peace at last. He had looked deep into the mysteries and perplexity of life; had heard fierce waves dashing upon the shores of time. If once his bark was tempest-tossed, it was firmly anchored now. He feared neither wind nor wave, for God was over all and all things were safe with Him.

"Yes," he answered, "orthodoxy, theology, as it is understood now, is cold and hard, and cannot meet the wants of warm, human hearts; but when we learn to think of God as a Father who loves and cherishes every one of us, who, through joys, and through sorrows, is leading us toward higher life and purer aspirations, all is different. We want less of theology, but more of God; less of orthodoxy and sectarianism, more of true Christianity; want to remember more and more that, when the little ones we so tenderly love drift away from our clinging embrace, they go to Him. Though they leave us in darkness, they go with Him to the light, and all is well. Whether they be far from or near to us then, think how tenderly they are gathered into His bosom! What can harm them there? Do not let theology make you forget how Christ, pure and blessed above all others, took the little ones in His arms and blessed them, saying, when the over-wise ones would have held them back: 'Suffer them to come unto me, and forbid them not.' He came to make known the heart of God; think you that heart is less tender, less watchful of the little ones to-day than then? Whoever, whatever else may change, God changes not. Your baby is safer with Him than human love could make it. I know how you miss him, day and night, from your hungry arms; know of the hours

and days of struggle and conflict when you feel that you cannot give him up; I went through with them all when little Mary died, so many years ago," and his voice grew low and tender, "but there came to me, there will come to you, a time when, because of the unselfishness and intensity of your mother love, you will thank God for taking him away from the evil and sadness of this life. The thought of him as being 'safe, happy, warm' in Heaven will make the way less dark and dreary to you, and, because your treasure is there, your heart will surely follow, and death be but an open door through which you may enter into fuller, more beautiful life. Baby hands shall beckon you on, baby-lips shall call to you, and the little grave, over which you now mourn in bitter anguish, shall be the key to unlock all that is best and noblest in your nature. So often I have seen it to be so, and the grave where we lay some dearly-loved one awakes our deepest sympathies, our tenderest charities and love for others. Beautiful plants grow and blossom within our hearts as we watch them growing amid the grasses there, and through the cloud-rifts, come sunshine and rain for our best nourishment. Dickens said: 'When death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he lets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity and love to walk the world and bless it with their light. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the destroyer's steps there spring up bright creatures that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to Heaven.' His words are as true as they are beautiful.

"People call me strange, call me almost an infidel because I see not with their eyes, because the religion which satisfies them cannot satisfy me. God knows if their charges be true; it matters not so much to me so long as I know my conception of Him and of manhood grows deeper, still deeper, and I am more and more filled with love to all. For years I strove to feed upon the dry husks of creeds and theologies, only to find my soul starving for its true manna. Like the prodigal of old, I at last resolved to go back to my Father and find rest. Long and wearying was the search, but, thank God, an abiding peace and rest has come to me in these later years. One by one the props my soul so carefully builded for itself here have been taken from me, uplifted to that higher world, and only God is left me now—only God and the hope of Heaven with its sweet re-unions. It is enough. I am not afraid to meet Him, for 'perfect love casteth out fear.' Though my merits be small, and the fruits of my life not so many or so rich as I would wish to make them, I have worked with an honest heart and an upright purpose, and these, methinks, are what He most desires.

"More and more I see the workings of infinite love and compassion through all the intricacies of law and revelation; clearer and clearer, above the strife and tumult, I hear the steady throbbing of the Father-heart. The sectarianism, the bickerings and strifes so often seen in the church—which should be, but, alas! is not, the vestibule of Heaven—are not true religion, true theology or true orthodoxy. Ah, why will men wander so long in the dark when above them shines the eternal light?

"Why walk by candle light
When God's great sun doth shine?"

"It is sad, sad; yet it will not always be. Slowly but surely the blinded eyes are beginning to open, and cold hearts are turning to where there is life and warmth in abundance. There will not always be the difference, the division between religion and theology there now is. Theology must change and purify itself. The voice of reason, enlightened and inspired by love, will be heard through all the length of our beautiful land, and our hearts be joined in closer sympathies, our hands work together for the building and upholding of His Kingdom. We all are brothers; as such let us live and die. Life is far too short and precious to be spent otherwise than in brotherly love and good-will. Religion is *daily life* if it is anything, not a creed or form to be taken out and aired once a week and securely locked away for the intervening six days, and we are Christians in just so much as our lives and desires are Christ-like, no more.

"The Bible shall not be less to us, but more as the years bring us a better understanding of its teachings, and we learn to look below the surface, marred by man's imperfect dealings, for the rich fruits within; but with it shall be combined the teachings of nature, which is but another, not less, true book of God. Her voice, speaking through all things good and beautiful, through the coming and going of the seasons, through the blossoming of little flowers, the songs of little birds, not less than through the great and lofty scenes around us, shall lead us onward step by step. Whatever the orthodoxy of that day shall be, it shall not be, as now, a hard thing to die by. The light will shine through the gates which open to let our little ones in, and sweet notes from their songs of triumph be wafted back to us. Trust Him and fear not. The baby you have let go will be given back to you some glad morn in Heaven. Not a baby, perhaps, as you saw him last, but your child still, and not less so because of the years and changes which may intervene ere you greet him. Let the thought that you are the mother of an angel help you to make yourself worthy in all ways and fit to meet with one so pure and good. Then, indeed, when you awake, you 'shall be satisfied.'"

The old man turned to go, and the mourner, with a fervent clasp of the hand, said, simply: "Thank you," but the undertone of defiance was gone from her voice, and something in it gave promise of new rest and peace, and her earnest eyes shone with a light before unknown. May the same light and peace come to you, O mothers, who sit in darkness, mourning because your "children are not."

EARNEST.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A SPINSTER. LEAF THIRD.

HOME again in my warm, comfortable room, I do not mind the piercing cold, the howling winds and blinding gusts of snow. After what I have passed through—or rather witnessed in the last few days, home, with its rest and comfort seems doubly dear. Fred's voice never sounded so kindly as when he said, at breakfast: "How tired and worn you look, Aunt Milly! You must allow me to prescribe for your benefit a season of perfect rest."

And Nellie playfully banished me to my room, whither she had preceded me and arranged everything for my comfort in her tasteful way; even transferring from her own room to my window her favorite monthly rose, with its crown of flowers; and a pot of double hyacinths, also in bloom. Heaven bless them both for their kindness to me. Nellie has such a delicate way of conveying impressions. I wonder if she did not mean by the fragrance of the hyacinth and rose, on this bleak, March morning, to impress my mind with the pureness and genuineness of their love to me in this lonely, changing world? That was the thought that came to me as I bent my head over the lovely flowers, touching lightly the soft and velvety petals, and admiring the exquisiteness of their form and coloring; and I mean to cherish it in my heart, and bless God, that, whatever else He has withheld, He has given me such dear friends.

Nearly two weeks ago a childish form appeared one afternoon, in the open door of my room, and a childish voice said: "Katie and Willie have dreadful sore throats, and mother is afraid it is the diphtheria. Would Aunt Milly please to come over and see what she thinks about it?"

Of course Aunt Milly would go; for the child was a little daughter of her old-time friend and playmate, Kate Hammond, now Mrs. Gray. As I hurried on my things, and hastily gathered together a few articles which I thought might be needed in the sick room, put an extra wrap around the shivering form of the child, and sallied forth with her blue, pinched hand close clasped in mine, my thoughts went back to the time when my friend, a gay, laughing maiden, was envied by half the girls of her acquaintance, because, from among them all she had been the chosen bride of the talented, handsome Ellis Gray. I remember the look of glad content that shone in her eyes, as I arranged the veil and orange blossoms upon her queenly head, and the confiding trust with which she put her hand in his to be led to the sacred altar. But alas! her joy was of short duration. A very little time sufficed to bring the dreadful truth to her perception, that her husband loved the wine-cup, even more than he loved the sweet, young wife who had committed her happiness to his keeping.

While trying to win her, so carefully had he guarded himself that not a suspicion of the real state of the case had ever crossed her mind, else, her strong temperance proclivities would have prevented her listening for a moment to his suit, but having made sure of her the mask was thrown aside, and the same old story was enacted—years of steady descent, of miseries increased, and blasted hopes, till all that is left to her is a poverty-stricken home, a worthless, debauched husband and helpless, suffering children—but such fair and lovely children! One could almost find it in their heart to wish that the dear Father in Heaven would in His love transplant them to the beautiful gardens of His heavenly home, before the blight of sorrow and sin has nipped the sweet buds of promise.

Yes, it was diphtheria, and in its most virulent form, and before morning the little messenger that had summoned me was prostrate with the rest and suffering much more acutely than the others. I could not leave the mother alone in her trial, and together we watched beside the stricken ones, care-

fully and faithfully administering the doctor's prescriptions, and doing all in our power for their relief; but it was of no avail, and one after another I dressed little Willie and his sisters in the delicate, snowy robes that Nellie had prepared for them, and placed them tenderly in their coffins; the poor mother allowing no hand but mine to touch their still forms. Nellie came over every day with offers of assistance, bringing with her many a needed comfort for the family, and the mother's grateful looks and silent tears showed how much they were appreciated. I will do the father the justice to say that he stayed at home during the whole time of the sickness, and seemed really penitent for the distress and want that he had brought upon his family, and desirous of living a changed life.

Poor Kate bore up bravely through it all, and when we came home from the funeral of the last one, she said: "Heaven never seemed so near to me before, nor the Lord so truly merciful; my dear ones are forever sheltered from the sorrows and storms of this life in the bosom of His infinite mercy; and He will give the poor mother strength to grope her way through the darkness, till light shall break upon her from the gates of the Eternal City; and Milly," she added, grasping my hand, "what if this sore bereavement should be the means of restoring my husband? Can it be that there is such mercy in store for me?" And when she bade me "good-bye and God bless you" at her cottage door last evening, she smiled through her tears, and whispered: "He knoweth best; what am I that I should question the wisdom of His doings? I will kiss the rod, and bless the hand that wields it."

Her beautiful trust is a marvel to me, and as I walked slowly homeward I wondered whether I could have borne her trials with such patience and resignation; and again and again I thanked God that He had spared me such a test.

This morning I can hardly keep my thoughts on my page for thinking of the mother alone in her desolate, cheerful home. I know that the chilling blasts that sweep across the new-made graves on the hill-side, cannot help but send an answering chill to her heart, even while the prayer of thanksgiving for their safety falls softly from her lips; and her petition for grace to bear her burdens brings a swift and sweet return.

CELIA SANFORD.

PRIZE A GOOD HOME.

IT is an honorable ambition for any young woman to qualify herself to be self-supporting. It is pleasant to handle money of one's own fair earning, and purchases made with such funds are quite apt to have a double value. There is an invisible wealth in such possessions that the world does not see. To some these earnings are a necessity. But there is a large class of discontented girls in good homes of plenty, where their services are greatly needed by a toiling mother, who long to push out into the great world and earn money that shall buy the cobwebs of fashion, now beyond their reach. When their motives are all sifted down, this is the real reason. Dress has tempted its thousands from the safe, comfortable home to try their chances in the great city.

There was a picture a while ago in one of the

illustrated papers which I wish such tempted ones could see and ponder. Two fair, trim girls, with their small satchels in their hands, were setting out from a lovely, pleasant home, with its shady trees and orchard lands all about it, and a finger-post was guiding them "To the Great City." How full of hope was each face! How light each heart and footstep! Just before them stood a gulf, from which were peering up such hideous, leering faces, while greedy talons and dripping skeleton fingers were up-reaching to clutch and drag them down. Caskets of paste jewels, flimsy finery, and all manner of wiles, were held out to lure them on, and one light, tripping footstep was just poising on the brink. There was a whole sermon in the title to the picture, which was simply "Sweet Liberty and the Abyss."

Oh, if this was but a fancy-picture we might banish it like a frightful dream. But it holds a solemn, fearful truth.

If you have a good, safe home, dear girls, prize it above rubies. Gladly do your share to lighten its burdens. Take such means as are within your reach for self-improvement. They will rarely be more when you are cast on your own resources among strangers. Oh, what numbers of homeless ones, toiling for a crust and a shelter, would think your lot an Eden!

Discontent is not so much a proof of your ability to achieve a better success, as real, honest, earnest effort where you now are. Unless you have made the utmost of your chances at home, there is little probability that you would do better away. Never leave it on uncertainties, and never, like Jonah, run away from God-appointed duties.

MIRIAM.

FROM MY CORNER.

No. 47.

"The green leaves from the soft, brown earth!
Happy spring-time hath called them forth;
First faint promise of summer bloom
Breathes from the fragrant, sweet perfume,
Under the leaves.

"Lift them! what marvelous beauty lies
Hidden beneath from our thoughtless eyes;
May flowers, rosy and purest white,
Lift their cups to the sudden light,
Under the leaves."

WHEN this reaches your eyes, dear friends, all over the country, North and South, and out to the far West, the miracle of the awakening spring will have been enacted once more, and new beauties will greet you on every hand. In the far North, it will perhaps be only the early crocus and snowdrop, and the leaf buds swelling on the trees. But soon, I suppose, the pale hepatica will blossom in the woods, and the trailing arbutus follow in its wake. I know somebody who will send me some of the latter flowers this year. I have long wished to see them, for I only know them by hearsay, and am sure they must be lovely little things.

With us, the jonquils and hyacinths will be in fullest bloom, and the purple clematis, and lilac, and delicate white spirea will deck the gardens, while the peach-trees will be all aglow, and in the woods the dear little anemone, and spring beauty, and velvet-leaved violet will put up their heads

from under the leaves, and bring us promise of the coming summer.

In the far South, the roses and orange-trees are blooming now, as if winter had never been there. They did not have much of it this season, 'tis true, nor did we, for the season was such a mild one. I went out in January at times when it was like May, with only a light wrap around my shoulders, and the blue birds sang on bright mornings, and the rose-bushes put out their leaves, as if spring were really here.

My little saffron rose came near dying during the drouth last summer while I could not take care of it, and this winter I brought it in the house, where, after a few weeks of nursing, it threw out new shoots all over, and a short time ago I espied a tiny bud. Then I sent it to Madge's pit, that the bud might be coaxed into bloom, and soon it will be out.

Madge's pit is a little bower of beauty. I went over to take another look at it one day last week. In the centre is a large box, on which stood her white lily, lifting its stalk crowned with one great creamy blossom. Around it were clustered rose-geraniums and verbenas, making a profusion of green foliage, and a tall wax plant and night-blooming jessamine stood in the background. On a shelf at one end a heliotrope showed two lovely bunches of purple bloom, and in an opposite corner a fish-geranium sent out a large spike of scarlet flowers. In both ends, vines of German ivy and ground ivy were reaching up and twining around the other plants, and hanging in festoons between them, making a real summer picture.

I have seen the interior of very few pits, and never one so pretty as this. Madge spends hours of loving work upon it—work that repays her well, for the flowers are the purest, sweetest companions she could have, and the care of this pit has been one of her greatest pleasures this winter. It quite throws Lizzie's bay-window in the shade with its luxuriant growth. I should not say "in the shade," either, truly speaking, for though our collection is small now, and they do not grow fast, yet the sunlight on each bright day shines through my foliage plant, making it look like a mass of crimson flowers, and the petunias bear a few white blossoms occasionally, and the verbenas and geraniums look green and pretty, although they have not bloomed since Christmases. The dear, little, sweet violets are the best treasures for winter blooming, and are so humble and modest about it. They are doing their best just now. I wish I could send a fragrant blossom to each one of you who love flowers. They will freeze sometimes on a cold night if forgotten, and a few days after I find fresh little heads under the leaves, only betrayed by their sweet odor until we search for them. They make me think of some lives I have known; of those who sat retiringly and quietly until sought for, and gathered close when their true worth was found—perhaps were *never* known by some who walked near, except by the sweetness of their good deeds. Like those spoken of in the remaining verses of the poem I quoted from above:

"Are there no lives whose holy deeds—
Seen by no eye save His who reads
Motive and action—in silence grow
Into rare beauty, and bud and blow,
Under the leaves?"

"Though unseen by our vision dim,
Bud and blossom are known to Him;
Wait we, content, for His heavenly ray;
Wait till our Master Himself, one day,
Lifteth the leaves."

LICHEN.

HOME ECONOMIES.

DEAR EDITOR "HOME." The second number of the dear HOME MAGAZINE has come to our fireside, crisp and fresh, filled with interesting and instructive reading for 1880.

Last year, in order to economize, times were so hard, we concluded that we must forego the great pleasure of its perusal for at least one year, but missed it so much, that we thought to try and economize in some other way. It had been on our table for years, and we missed it as we would a dear, familiar friend.

It is no doubt as necessary to economize in East Tennessee, where we live, as in any other State of the Union, and I have been thinking of giving Pipsey, to whom we are all so much indebted for hints on home economics, as well as to the many readers of the "Home," an item in that department; so here it is.

Our family is large and it takes many "tucks and turns" to keep all going when the cool weather closes around us. One of our girls was in need of a cloak for common wear, and we set our minds to work how it could be had with the smallest expense. There was a long circular cloak of dark navy-blue water-proof that had done duty for three winters, and although the cloth was strong, it had some greasy spots, and had been put aside as not fit for use. It was taken out of the closet, well brushed over, and then with brush, warm water and soap made for the purpose, it was thoroughly cleaned and came out almost as good as new. The bottom was then cut off, leaving it the length of an ordinary cloak; next arm-holes were cut, the garment taken up under the arms so as to fit smoothly round. Then the arm-holes were neatly bound with a piece of trail braid to make it strong; next two pieces were cut from what came off the bottom of the cloak and fitted round the top of the arm-holes, and down low enough to give it the appearance of a dolman—the piece reaching down to the wrist. Around the bottom and up the front of the cloak on each side was basted a piece of bins alpaca about four and a half inches wide, the part covering the arm trimmed in the same way. Then the alpaca was quilted in rows not more than one-fourth of an inch apart. The last thing was a military collar of the alpaca, stitched around in very close lines to match the other trimming. When finished it made a warm, comfortable, and we might add, pretty article of wearing apparel. But still there is a piece left of the bottom of that long, wide circular; what should we do with it? One of the little girls was in want of a felt skirt; the piece was wide enough for a skirt, and about fifteen inches deep; we bound the bottom with trail braid; then the odds and ends of the scrap-drawer were brought out, and two strips of gay plaid cut bias and stitched around not far above the edge. It was too short, but here was a strip of twilled goods left from some garment that will finish out the length and be warm and strong. This finishes the

second garment fashioned from that long circular, and we really feel more honest pride in them, than if they were fresh from the merchant's shelves.

The "Home" is a general favorite among us. After we have read ours, three other families get the benefit of it, the members of which would gladly have a copy of their own could they well

afford it. The patterns alone, to a family willing to economize by being their own mantuamakers, are well worth the money paid for the magazine. We never make a cuff, collar or scarcely any part of a garment, but the magazine is consulted.

We hope the familiar names will still appear on its pages for many years to come. VIRGINIA.

Work for Humanity.

ETHIOPIA STRETCHING OUT HER HANDS.

THERE is a story connected with this little African boy which, brief as it is, cannot fail to awaken a deep interest in the mind of every Christian philanthropist. It is told by Mr. Edward S. Morris, of Philadelphia, who has re-

"It was at sunset one beautiful Sabbath day, as I stood for the last time on the beach at Monrovia waiting for my boat to take me out to the anchored vessel in the bay. A little native boy from the jungles of Africa in the immediate rear of the Negro Republic of Liberia, came to me, bowing low. I told him to 'Stand up, and never bow to man' (believing that to be orthodox to begin with). I said: 'What do you want?' In broken, disjointed English, the best the little fellow could utter, and pointing out to the ship he said: 'You God-man take me to big America, big ship.' 'What for?' I asked. He answered: 'Me learn big English, you.'

"In consequence of my then enervated condition, resulting from over-work, I was forced to say 'No' to the little fellow; whereupon he immediately drew from the folds of a cloth around him two little leopards, alive, with unopened eyes, and presenting them, said: 'Me give him; you take me big America, big ship, learn big English.' Think of it, Mr. Editor: the mother leopard must to his knowledge have been near when he captured her kittens; still, that hungry, thirsting child risked his life to earn a passage to America solely to gain an education. Try and believe me when I assert there are thousands of such courageous boys in the Niger Valley alone, and as many more in Soudan, thus burning for education. This indigenous human element should, for substantial reasons, be educated in Africa and not out of it. Native Christian teachers, graduates from my proposed school-house, are to be some of the lights for a 'Dark Continent,' containing two hundred and fifty millions of people."



sided in Liberia for a number of years, where he has been engaged in commercial and agricultural pursuits. He is now endeavoring to found a school in Liberia for the education of fifty native youths. Writing to the *Christian Statesman*, under date of January 28th, 1880, he says:

Mr. Morris, who is now endeavoring to raise sufficient funds to erect a school-house on his own land in Monrovia, further says in his letter to the *Christian Statesman*:

"Please say that one-half the sum of money required to build a school-house for fifty boys in

Liberia on my own land, and properly conduct it for five continuous years, was given me by Christian men and women in England last year, when in person I presented to them 'Liberia as I saw it.' The Hon. John Welsh, late United States Minister to the Court of St. James, cheerfully contributed to the sum. The other half I hope to receive in my own land from the good and benevolent of America. Only two thousand two hundred and fifty dollars are now wanted to inaugurate the school-house in Christian Liberia—the open door to heathen Africa. Contributions will help me practically to answer the earnest cry for education from millions of ambitious African youth, both male and female. *One dollar and upwards will be thankfully received and acknowledged.*"

The address of Mr. Edward S. Morris is P. O. Box 2010, Philadelphia, Pa. His undertaking has the approval of such men in England as the Earl of Shaftesbury, Samuel Gurney, and other well-known philanthropists. A recent letter to Mr. Morris from Rev. D. A. Wilson, of Milan, Mo., who is well-known as a former devoted missionary and educator in Africa, says:

"The plan of industrial Christian education which you propose meets my hearty approval. When in Liberia as a Christian educator myself, I was well convinced that both the mission schools

among the natives and in the Republic needed more than instruction in letters and religion. *** The country was not, and is not now, prepared to sustain schools. Every country needs a diversified industry. The superior excellence of Liberia coffee, however, now acknowledged the world over, through your patient and well-directed and costly efforts, makes the growing of it worthy of special prominence in your system. I see no reason why, with God's blessing on competent and faithful teachers and managers, schools on your plan may not be soon made self-sustaining."

The comparatively small sum required by Mr. Morris to complete his arrangements for establishing this first industrial school for native African children, ought, and we believe will be, promptly furnished. Send him a single dollar if you can spare no more, and do your part, reader, in the good work he is seeking to inaugurate. Remember that every work which has for its object the lifting up of the fallen, the enlightenment of the ignorant, and the moral and spiritual elevation of the race, is God's work, and that in every act of co-operation we become His helpers. Come, then, to the "help of the Lord," who is moving in this and many other ways for the redemption of Africa. Ethiopia is stretching forth her hands and crying for succor. Let not her appeal be in vain!

Housekeepers' Department.

AUNT PATTY.

AUNT PATTY was a famous little woman, she was up in the morning with the lark, her feet encased in number two slippers, neat print dress and spotless white apron, her sparkling, dark eyes and snowy-white hair rippling around her peaceful face, you could hardly believe that her age was seventy-two. Tripping lightly into her well-kept kitchen, she begins her daily labors. On Wednesday was her baking-day. Five loaves of white bread and two of brown bread, a steaming pot of baked beans and a row of pumpkin pies, such as only Aunt Patty knew how to make. Never in after years did I taste any so delicious.

Dinner was always on the table at precisely twelve o'clock; and never varying far from two o'clock in the afternoon, you would find Aunt Patty "sitting in state," as I used to call it, in her cosy, little sitting-room, busy with her fancy work, for she always kept one or two pieces in her work-basket to catch up at odd moments. One day, in wonderment, I asked her what kept her so young and spry.

"I never saw another like you, Aunt Patty. I would not mind growing old if I were as smart and entertaining as you are."

"Well, my dear," said she, "your Aunt Patty never was called an old scrub; and she never meant to be, when she first started in life; I have done deal of housework in my day, and done it well, too; but I have never stood at the stove and sink the whole day through, wearing out the body, and allowing no time for the replenishing of the mind. I have always devoted a part of each day to reading, writing and conversation; and I am

interested in all good causes; and, my dear, if you would have a happy old age, always try and use what little talent you have to the very best advantage. In that way, even if the cares of a household are resting upon you, spare time will be found for recreation."

As we sat talking, Aunt Patty made the remark, that with God's will she hoped to be able to make her last loaf of bread, set her house in order, and be ready for the Master's call.

It came one night so unexpectedly to us all, that we can hardly realize that Aunt Patty is no more. I wish we had more Aunt Pattys, who would work at housework cheerfully, and with that motto ever in mind, "Let your head save your heels," dispatch things in less time than you have any idea of. Happier homes would be found in our land, and more cheerful mothers. I have a number of Aunt Patty's receipts. Try them; you will find them good.

PUMPKIN PIE.—Cut a small pumpkin in pieces; steam four hours; when done, sift through a wire sieve; add five eggs well beaten, half a small nutmeg, half teaspoonful of cinnamon, a little ginger, pinch of salt and sugar enough to make them pretty sweet; stir the mixture well, then add two quarts of milk, one cup of sweet cream or one-half cup of butter. Line deep plates with puff paste, and when filled, bake one hour in a slow oven.

CHICKEN PIE.—Joint the chickens, which should be young and tender; boil them in just sufficient water to cover them. When nearly done take them out of the liquor, and lay them in a deep pudding-dish lined with good pie-crust; to each layer of chicken, put two thin slices of salt pork,

add a little of the liquor in which they were boiled, with pepper and salt, two ounces of butter cut in small pieces; sprinkle a little flour over the whole, cover it with the crust, cutting a place for the air to escape. Bake in a quick oven one hour.

WORTH KNOWING.

Keep salt in a dry place.

Keep yeast in wood or glass.

Keep lard in tin pails.

Keep preserves and jellies in glass, in a dark, cool place.

Lard for pastry should be used as hard as it can be cut with a knife. It should be cut through the flour, not rubbed.

Beef that has a tendency to be tough can be made very palatable by stewing gently, two hours and a half; taking out half of the liquor when half done, and letting the rest boil into the meat. Brown the meat in the pot. After taking up make a gravy of the pint of liquor saved.

To prevent meat from scorching while roasting, place a basin of water in the oven.

The coming dish-cloth is made of white fly screen, three layers cut in the size required, and sewed firmly together. It will outwear six common ones. When soiled it can be washed and boiled to look as white as new.

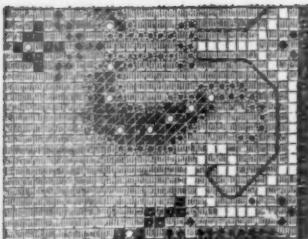
Old tins can be made to look cleaner by boiling in strong soapuds and ashes.

COUNTRY COUSIN.

Fancy Needlework.

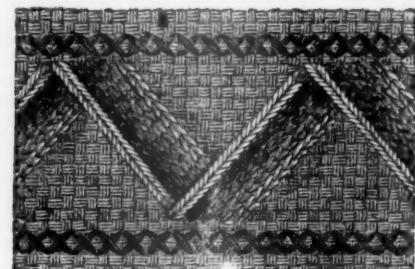


TIDY.—Fig. 1.



TIDY.—Fig. 2.

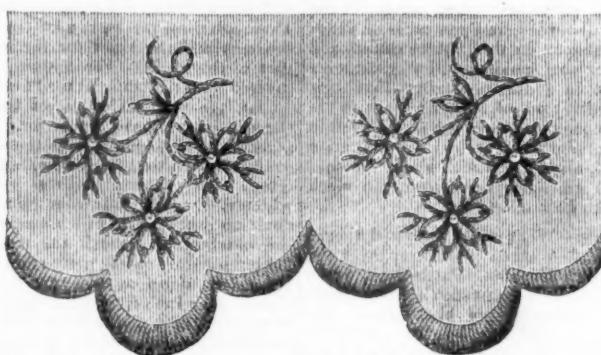
This novel tidy is of Java canvas, worked with crewels in cross-stitch. The design for the cross-stitch is shown in the full size in Fig. 2; it is worked with red, olive-green, light and dark blue, bronze and gold colors. In the chain-stitch border



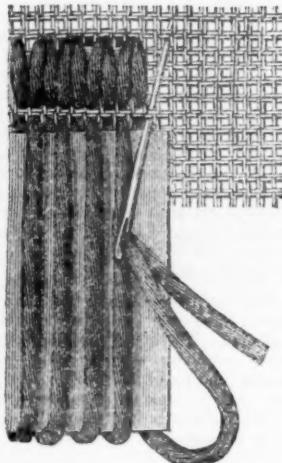
TIDY.—Fig. 3.

shown in Fig. 3, the same colors are used; the straight lines of cross-stitch are worked with dark blue.

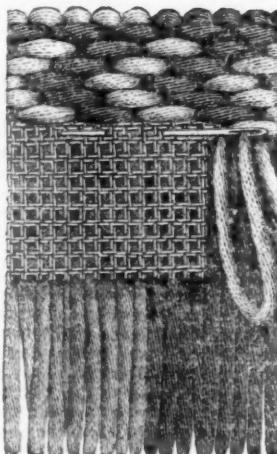
This tidy is edged with a rich fringe combining all the colors.



BORDER FOR FLANNEL SKIRT.



WORSTED FRINGE.—Fig. 1.



WORSTED FRINGE.—Fig. 2.

FRINGE MADE OF BITS OF WORSTED.—This fringe is worked on coarse canvas with colored double zephyr worsted. Thread a needle with worsted,* take up horizontally two double threads of the canvas, carry the needle vertically downward through the canvas, passing over four double threads, lay the worsted around a strip of cardboard for a loop, then carry the needle upward through the canvas as shown by Fig. 1, and repeat

from *. Fold the projecting edge of the canvas on the outside along the horizontal stitches, so that the loops are covered, and stitch through the double layer with colored worsted, each stitch covering four double threads in width, as shown by Fig. 2. Going back, fill in the open spaces with similar stitches of a contrasting color. In the following rows always work the stitches transposed.

Art at Home.

PRACTICAL HINTS ON HOME DECORATION.—Those who like to have pretty things about them, and enjoy the work of decorating and adapting their household goods with a view to artistic effect must ever bear in mind three things. First, the use; second, the durability; and third, the color. To illustrate the practical application of this rule it might be suggested that a bracket is a means of supporting some object, and the necessity of supporting some object originated the thought of a

bracket. Therefore, the bracket must be strong and firmly screwed into position. Now may be added drapery; it must be made of such material as shall not fade, and its tone and color must harmonize with the other furnishings of the room, and not by its gaudy brightness be the one object that attracts the eye on entering the apartment. These remarks will apply with equal force to any other article introduced.

It is a very great mistake to suppose that one

cannot arrive at an artistic effect, unless all the old furniture is discarded, and new takes its place. Few of us are able to do this, but we can all add something of our own handiwork, but great care should be taken in adding new things that their color is not entirely out of all harmony with the old. If, for instance, one has a room furnished in crimson, the predominant colors in decoration may be old gold, olive green and black. Should the room be in green, crimson, brown and black may be used with good effect.

RAG CURTAINS.—What can be done with them? is the question often asked in looking over the accumulated scrapes of years. Patch-work quilts are out of fashion, and it seems such a pity to throw away all these bright, dainty bits. Then, too, every piece in the old bag has its memories. Well, thanks to the *Art-Interchange*, to which I am indebted for many of the suggestions in this article, I can tell you of a way to utilize all these pieces. First, pick out all the silk scraps, no matter how small. Now cut the silk into strips about an inch wide (a little more or less makes no difference), either straight or on the bias. Sew the pieces together strongly, and roll into balls, keeping each color in a ball by itself. Pieces of narrow ribbon, old cravats and sashes, old waists of dresses, in fact, every scrap of silk can be made of use, whether soiled or fresh. After making a number of balls, send them to a rag-carpet weaver, who will weave them for about twenty-five cents a yard. It will take one and a half pounds of silk to make a yard of material three-quarters of a yard wide, which is the width of almost all looms. If the balls of silk are given to the weaver with directions how to place the colors, and the width the stripes are desired, the stuff when finished will have a very handsome effect, and is very heavy and suitable for curtains, rugs or table-covers.

Now having disposed of the silk pieces, we think in a most satisfactory manner, we will use up all the scraps that are left in the bag. Take a ball of twine and a large needle, cut pieces of cloth, calico, muslin or whatever material you have into squares about an inch each way. Thread these on the twine until you have covered about three yards. Then cut the twine and fasten it well to prevent its slipping, and roll it round and round, taking long stitches through and through to keep it steady and flat. When quite firm, take a large pair of scissors, and, laying the mat flat, cut the rough edges until the mat is pared to nearly half its former thickness. It should look like a child's worsted ball, and is the same on both sides. When done, these mats are warm and very pretty, and will often serve to cover worn or faded spots on the carpet, and cost only a little time and trouble.

CHAIRS.—Often we would re-cover some of our old, faded chairs, but dare not attempt it, lest we make, in our inexperience, a sorry job. A few hints on the subject will, we think, enable the most timid, to become with success their own upholsterers. The nails must first be drawn from the old cover, and this is best accomplished by first loosening them, placing a screw-driver or chisel against their sides and hammering them. When the old cover has been removed, lay it over the new material and cut the latter carefully out, making all the slits and markings with pins where the arms are to come, so that in placing it on the chair it

will not be drawn either to one side or the other. There are three pieces, one for the bottom, one for the back and the third for the outside and back part of the chair. For buttons, button moulds covered with the material used for the chair would do, but the prunella or velvet buttons, which all the upholsterers have are better. After carefully placing the piece cut out for the seat of the chair over it and fitting it exactly, begin to button it down. Take a long, mattress needle, thread it with string, and push it from the underside of the chair up in the place which marks the position of the old button, through the new cover. Then force the button on the needle and twine, and pass the needle down again through the cover one-eighth of an inch from where it came up; pull the twine very tight, and tie in a tight knot. A knot used by the trade, which is better, is made by holding one end of the string in the left hand, passing the twine under and through the loop from the underside. This knot will run up close, and can be tied fast without slipping. The cover must be folded by the buttons, and made to lie smoothly. After the buttons are all fastened, nail the cover of the chair on, pin it to keep it in place, and button it down in the same way. Pin the outside of the back on, which requires no tufting, and nail it smoothly with the tacks quite close together, turning a little of the material under to make it stronger. The braid is put on last of all, and can be either tacked on with gimp tacks or sewn. If it is sewn the needle used is shaped like a crescent. And now our chair is finished, and will, I think, quite pay for the trouble.

WALL DECORATION.—Among the many pretty notions which have been lately introduced is that of "over doors." The devices introduced for this purpose are numerous—stag's antlers, convex, eagle mirrors, masks of statues on oval, velvet shields and even clusters of Japanese or peacock screens. The fancy of a half-moon-shaped design in Venetian mosaic, sunk in a deep band of dark velvet, may be new to many, and would have in many rich rooms a very beautiful effect. An arrangement of blue china, and shelves and brackets of ebonized or enameled wood, always looks well, and a plaster of frieze in basso-relievo, as long as the door is wide, will be effective in many rooms; the ground of the frieze might even be colored of a faint green or blue, so as to give it the appearance of a Wedgwood plaque. If you hang a picture over a door, do not let it be a small, water-color sketch or anything of that kind, so that its beauty is entirely lost on anybody under eight feet high; the pictures that look best over doors are still-life pieces of flowers or fruit.

EMBROIDERED TEA-CLOTHS.—At a recent exhibition of artistic needlework, says *Harper's Bazaar*, we noticed two or three specimens which deserve mention. One in crash, with the edges deeply fringed out, had an embroidered border of corn-flowers, poppies and wheat in the natural colors, with similar single flowers sprinkled all over the centre of the cloth; this "powdering," as the French call it, is very pretty. Another in Bolton sheeting showed the rich autumnal tints of the Virginia creeper round the edge, tendrils branching out and meeting in the centre. These daintily embroidered cloths are used to cover the tray on which tea is served.

Evenings with the Poets.

STANZAS.

THE night hath a thousand eyes,
The day but one;
Yet the light of a whole world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind hath a thousand eyes,
The heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When the day is done.

F. W. BOURDILLON.

SPRING IN CAROLINA.

SPRING, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair,
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns
Its fragrant lamps, and turns
Into a royal court with green festoons
The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest tree
The blood is all aglee,
And there's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet, still on every side we trace the hand
Of winter in the land,
Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,
Flushed by the season's dawn;

Or where, like those strange semblances we find
That age to childhood bind,
The elm puts on, as if in Nature's scorn,
The brown of autumn corn.

As yet the turf is dark, although you know
That, not a span below,
A thousand germs are groping through the gloom
And soon will burst their tomb.

In gardens you may note amid the dearth,
The crocus, breaking earth;
And near the snowdrop's tender white and green,
The violet in its screen.

But many gleams and shadows need must pass
Along the budding grass
And weeks go by before the enamored South
Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

Still, there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
In the sweet airs of morn;
One almost looks to see the street
Grow purple at his feet.

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate

Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would
start,
If from a beech's heart,
A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth, should say,
"Behold me! I am May!"

HENRY TIMROD.

THE SIFTING OF PETER.

A FOLK-SONG.

"Behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he
may sift you as wheat."—St. Luke, xxii, 31.

IN St. Luke's Gospel we are told
How Peter in the days of old
Was sifted;
And now, though ages intervene,
Sin is the same, while time and scene
Are shifted.

Satan desires us, great and small,
As wheat, to sift us, and we all
Are tempted;
Not one, however rich or great,
Is by his station or estate
Exempted.

No house so safely guarded is
But he, by some device of his,
Can enter;
No heart hath armor so complete
But he can pierce with arrows fleet
Its centre.

For all at last the cock will crow
Who hear the warning voice, but go
Unheeding,
Till thrice and more they have denied
The Man of Sorrows, crucified
And bleeding.

One look of that pale, suffering face
Will make us feel the deep disgrace
Of weakness;
We shall be sifted till the strength
Of self-conceit be changed at length
To meekness.

Wounds of the soul, though healed, will ache;
The reddening scars remain, and make
Confession;
Lost innocence returns no more;
We are not what we were before
Transgression.

But noble souls, through dust and heat,
Rise from disaster and defeat
The stronger,
And conscious still of the divine
Within them, lie on earth supine
No longer.

H. W. LONGFELLOW, in *Harper's Magazine*.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

BY this time most of our lady friends have felt an interest in new spring fabrics. They will be glad to learn, also, that many of the old favorites retain popularity. Among these last are sea-side bunting, which comes in several new shades, of yellow, blue, cream-color and chocolate, as well as the standard black; unbleached muslin, or, as it is called, cheese-cloth, to be trimmed with "bandana," or handkerchief fabrics; Madras suitings, and the several varieties of camel's-hair, light cloth, and the popular cotton goods, percale, chintz and *momie* cloth. Light silks, woven in the rich, *stylish* combinations of many colors, known as cashmere hues, will be used, as before, for trimming of almost any desired material. New grenadines are brocaded upon a black ground. Some of the figures are dots, squares or colored flowers of satin or velvet. For underskirts to be worn with such dresses, *satin de Lyon*, that is, satin with a heavy twill, is used in place of the time-honored plain black silk.

New dresses are marked by simplicity of trimming and absence of voluminous drapery. The plain, short skirt continues to hold its own. We believe that the panier, though still worn to some extent, will not be so much in vogue as last year, a return to the little-varying, long, clinging overskirt being very probable. Basques, generally speaking, partake of the plain, coat-like effect. The favorite self-trimming is Shirring, scarce ever being so fashionable as now, many handsome suits being ornamented simply with rows and bunches of gathering, and nothing else.

Dresses for little girls are still made in the one-garment style, with either the waist-line very low or not marked at all. A novelty just now is a variation in the favorite sailor suit. This consists of a blouse and a skirt, not kilted, but joined to the belt by a deep row of gauging. Sailor hats, to

be worn with all costumes, will still retain their old-time favor.

Spring hats vary little in shape, being mainly modifications of the Gainsborough, the gypsy and the turban. The first of these, in fact, never goes out of fashion entirely. The usual mode of trimming a hat of this order is with a shirred facing of silk or satin, a band of the same twisted loosely round the crown and a floating bunch of feathers. This style also is appropriate to be decorated with a wreath of wild flowers, these being among the favorite ornaments for this season. Crushed roses, birds and broad ribbons of the rich, varied, cashmere tints, will also be largely worn. Jet fringe and sprays, of course, may be properly used by those who like this heavy kind of garniture.

Some of the new colors are very beautiful. Among these are two shades of lilac, topaz, *Italie* (a bright lemon-yellow), *Marengo* (a deep, rich red), *Zulu-pink* (a pale strawberry tinge), and *Zulu-brown* (a creamy chocolate).

Lace is the favorite *lingerie*, being worn in every possible style and with almost every variety of costume, being mainly regulated by a lady's own taste. *Torchon*, *Breton* and *French* laces, among the lower-priced *dentelles*, keep their place. The newest caprice, however, is for *Languedoc*, a lace closely resembling real old English thread lace. The pattern is darned in, somewhat like *Breton*, but is modeled after antique styles. Its shade varies from pure white to a delicate cream.

Crêpe lisse ruches, double and single, now come covered with dots, seeming like an exquisitely-delicate variety of dotted mull. Fancy buttons are tinted, painted or carved in the most artistic manner, often in blended shades to match the trimmings of the dress. The black chenille fichus, to which we alluded some time ago, have partly given place to chenille in the inevitable cashmere colors. Silk handkerchiefs, plain, dotted or plaid, are the favorite neck-wear for out-doors.

New Publications.

FROM J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

The Lost Truths of Christianity. The author of this book, which is one of marked ability, assumes that the Church has lost many of the vital truths of doctrine which were held by the apostles and early Christians, and substituted in their place dogmas of so irrational a character that enlightened reason cannot accept them—dogmas that reflect the dark, mental and perverse moral states of those who formulated them, but not the exalted character and righteousness of a God whose essential nature is love. Foremost among these "lost truths," according to the author, is a just idea of the nature of Christ, and the work He came to accomplish. He quotes largely from the Scriptures of both the Old and the New Testaments to show that what is known as the leading

doctrine of the Church at the present day, viz., that of the atonement, or vicarious sacrifice, is nowhere taught therein; not even by Paul in Romans, v. 11, the only place in which the word atonement occurs in the New Testament.

As now understood, this word atonement means a satisfaction for wrong committed or injury done, which is supposed to placate, satisfy or reconcile the injured party, so that he takes the transgressor again into favor. But, says the author of this book, "That is not the meaning of the words in Hebrew and Greek which are translated atonement; nor was it the meaning of the word atonement at the time our Bible was translated into the English language. The Hebrew word means a covering or defense. The Greek word means a change from enmity to friendship. Put the English word into three syllables, at-one-ment,

and remember that *ment* is from the Latin noun *mens*, meaning mind, and we have at-one-mind, which is the genuine scriptural meaning of the term. An atonement is something which brings two persons, feeling and thinking differently on a question, to feel and think alike upon it. Shakespeare, Spence and all the old English writers so use it. The incarnation effected our atonement, or at-one-ment, because it brought God and man together on one common plane. God became human in His sympathies and action, a Divine Man; man becomes godly or god-like, a partaker of the divine nature. Christ effected the atonement by hallowing or consecrating a human form, so that the Supreme Being could live in it and be present thereby with man forever."

Pursuing this subject, the author says: "The word atonement occurs only once in the New Testament(!) a fact of vast significance; and then it is not God who accepts the atonement offered by Christ, but we who receive the atonement or oneness of mind with God through Christ. 'We also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement.' (Rom. v. 11.) How few Christians who abide in the old error ever thought of this fact! * * * The simple scriptural truth about this reconciliation is, that God's manifestation of love and wisdom in the person of Christ was reconciling the sinner and the world to Him and His service. God, the infinitely wise and merciful, can never undergo the slightest change of mind. It was the sinner who was to be atoned, or made at one with God. It was the sinner who was to be reconciled, for so the Scriptures declare, 'All things are of God, who hath reconciled us unto Himself by Jesus Christ.' 'When we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son.' 'God was in Christ reconciling the world to Himself.' 'We pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God.'

"Propitiation is the last line of defense for those who believe that God is to be reconciled, appeased, pacified, etc. They quote from 1 John, ii, 1, 2: 'If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the righteous; and He is the propitiation for our sins.' The word here translated 'advocate' is *paracletos*, which is elsewhere properly rendered the Comforter or the Holy Ghost. It means one called or sent to help; Jesus sent to save us from our sins. Propitiation, which occurs but three times in the New Testament, is a bad rendering into English of a term which in the Hebrew language means a covering or defense. Instead of these verses bearing the construction that Jesus Christ is an advocate, like a modern lawyer, pleading to obtain our pardon from God, the true meaning is simply this: If any man sin, we have the Comforter (or the one sent) with the Father, even Jesus Christ, the righteous or perfect man (Father, Son and Holy Ghost in one person), who will serve as a covering or shield of defense against the power of sin, because He is the mediator between the human and the Divine. Whilst we deprecate in the most earnest manner any use of language which shall suggest to the mind the existence of two Gods, one standing outside of the other and pleading forensically for us, still the true intercession or intercession of Jesus Christ for us is one of the most beautiful and precious doctrines of the Holy Scriptures. When

we open the door of the heart to the Lord in prayer and faith, He enters into our spiritual life, takes on our evil spiritual states, just as He did when on earth, knows our feelings and our wants, and leads and guides us in prayer to Himself, just as if He were ourselves, and man again in the flesh, striving against sin and praying to the Father. It is thus that He comes down to us, joins Himself with us, and lifts us upward with Himself in His own Divine aspirations. Such is the mediation and intercession to which the apostle alludes in Romans viii, 26, 27: 'Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered'"

It will readily be seen that if, as this author endeavors to show, the Church has indeed lost the truth on so vital a question as the Nature and Work of Christ, it must have lost a clear knowledge of all the essential doctrines on which man's salvation and restoration to the likeness and image of God rest. In the following passage he gives his view of the Great Sacrifice, and the manner in which we are saved thereby:

"The great sacrifice of Christ was self-sacrifice. His sacrifice can never be of any benefit to us unless we sacrifice ourselves in a similar manner. We are made one with Him by following His steps, and the most important of all these steps was sacrifice. His sacrifice was two-fold—an ascending sacrifice, the surrender of His carnal life and nature to the interior dictates of His Divine love or Father; and a descending sacrifice, the consecration of Himself to the wants of suffering humanity. By the first sacrifice, He ascended to His Father, like an aeronaut who rises as he casts out ballast. By the second sacrifice He was like the descending ray of sunlight which brings the sun itself into our houses and fields.

"It is declared by the apostle that if we die with Him we shall rise with Him. We cannot die physically with Him, share his crucifixion or bodily sufferings; but we can share His self-denial and His self-surrender, His spiritual death. He abstained from all sin, under all circumstances and through all temptations. He repudiated and crucified all the lusts of the flesh, and all the thoughts, desires and aspirations of the carnal mind. We are to do the same, and we are to do it not from interested motives, but simply because He commanded us to deny ourselves, take up the cross and follow Him. We are to hate our life and to lose it for His sake. We are to lay down our life that we may take it up again. The perfect sacrifice of our wills to His will is precisely the sacrifice which He offered up to His Father. * * * By the sacrifice of our carnal life we receive spiritual life and blessing from God. They will not benefit us unless we give them away to others. Spiritual life is only given on the condition that we use it for the common good, for even so did Christ. It is like the manna which fell in the wilderness, it cannot be hoarded; it is given day by day, and exactly enough for the necessities of the day. Prayers, fastings, self-mortifications, in a state of isolation and for the salvation of our individual souls, are worse than useless. We have no part or lot in the salvation purchased by Jesus Christ, except as we sacrifice ourselves in some manner for others."

FROM LEE & SHEPARD, BOSTON.

About Grant. By John L. Swift. A pleasant and interesting book, suitable for all, young and old, but especially for boys. It gives an account of the military career of General Grant, and presents him as an illustrious example of courage, faithfulness to principle and self-respect. Besides this, it touches, incidentally, the questions of slavery, abolition, civil-service reform, home rule, western immigration and kindred topics, at present exciting the attention of statesmen and politicians. Though some might object to portions of the work as partisan in tendency, we venture to say that, as a whole, it is worthy a place in any juvenile library.

Kings in Exile. From the French of Alphonse Daudet, translated by Virginia Champlin. A novel of many beauties and also of many faults. The beauties are, chiefly, the dazzling brilliancy of style, the vividness of description and the loveliness and heroism of character as displayed by the noble Frédérique, the exiled queen, and the little Prince Zara's poor tutor, Merant. The faults consist in the glaring, even sickening, portrayals of the frivolity, the treachery, the vice and the crime buried beneath the gay exterior of heartless, Parisian life. Americans generally have little sympathy with the inner workings of such fearful wickedness. The book may be called moral in tone, inasmuch as it holds up virtue to our sympathy and admiration, and excites for vice nothing but disgust.

FROM THE AMERICAN TEMPERANCE PUBLISHING HOUSE, 29 ROSE ST., NEW YORK.

Limited License in its Relation to the Liquor Traffic. By S. Leamet, Jr. This pamphlet describes the inauguration, and carrying out of the limited system, in a Western township, and recommends its introduction into all parts of the United States. It provides that every citizen in a community shall have the right, by ballot, to declare at every election, whether the number of licenses existing shall be increased ten per cent., or decreased twenty-five per cent., or more, thus affording persons of every shade of temperance belief, as well as those entirely opposed to all limitation of the liquor traffic, a fair opportunity to vote for or against prohibition, in a greater or less degree. The legalized number of licenses are then sold at a premium, the proceeds going to establish a free library and reading-room. When-

ever this mode of regulation has been tried, it has resulted, year by year, in a steady diminution of rum-selling and rum-drinking. We consider it worthy of the most careful examination by all true friends of temperance.

FROM THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, 58 READE STREET, NEW YORK.

The Curse and the Cup. By Mrs. Julia McNair Wright. A short tale, but unmistakably a true one—true in its graphic descriptions, its stern lessons and its terrible *dénouement*. Let such books be multiplied—and, sooner or later, slowly and surely an enlightened, public opinion must grow up, and demand humane and Christian legislation on the subject of the liquor traffic.

Temperance and Legislation. By Canon Farrar, D. D., F. R. S. An address delivered at a conference in Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, on Monday, November 3d, 1879. Another of this gifted speaker's able, popular, telling talks, most effective in attacking prejudice, refuting fallacious arguments, and leading to a thorough comprehension of the evil of intemperance, and the virtue of total abstinence.

On London Bridge. By Mrs. Julia McNair Wright. Still another short, graphic story, showing the devastation wrought by strong drink. This time, the prodigal is led astray by the pernicious "drinking customs of society," "the use of the good things of life in moderation, not their abuse," and so forth—phrases mournfully familiar to all.

FROM S. R. WELLS & CO., NEW YORK.

How to Educate the Feelings. By Charles Bray, of London. Edited, with notes, by Nelson Sizer, of New York. This book contains some very sensible things, upholding the duty of parents to study the mental characteristics of their children, and seek to cultivate their better qualities and render inactive their worse ones; in other words "to educate the propensities so as to make them subservient to moral and social law," and so work "toward the disuse of jails, prisons and gallows," and prevent "the great and sad waste of human life, hope and happiness, which is so conspicuous in our day." We believe the book will prove valuably suggestive to all into whose hands it may come. Price, \$1.50.

Notes and Comments.

A New Study for Girls.

WHAT a woman should do in case of accident or sudden sickness, may almost be regarded as one of the lost household arts. A few centuries back, the healing art was almost exclusively in the hands of woman. She was physician as well as nurse; and her skill was the result of such training and instruction as she was able to secure, all of which made a part of her education.

But, as men began turning from arms, as a profession, to science and literature, the study of anatomy, physiology and therapeutics gave them a higher intelligence and skill, and the ability to cure in cases where, without the information this study gave them, failure would have been inevitable. As a natural result, the practice of medicine passed gradually into the hands of men, where it has remained for generations. Of late years, however, women have commenced returning to the

field from whence science and intelligent skill excluded them; and by the aid of that science and skill are now beginning to occupy their old relation to society as healers of the sick.

Still, the number of women who devote themselves to the profession of medicine is comparatively small; while outside of this number, very few know anything about the laws of health, the nature and cure of diseases, or what to do in case of sickness or accident. Speaking of this subject, *Harper's Bazaar*, in a recent number, says:

"The other day a young girl of our acquaintance, who is pursuing a selected course of study in one of the collegiate institutions of the city, was examining the printed curriculum with reference to deciding what study she should take up the next term. While consulting about the matter, she read over the long list of text-books on science, language, literature and mathematics, when suddenly she exclaimed: 'I'll tell you what I would like to study—I would like to study medicine. I don't mean that I want to be a physician, and practice, but only to know what to do at home if anybody is sick or anything happens. I am sure it would be more useful to me than'—and she turned to the prescribed course of study—'than spherical trigonometry and navigation. What is the use of *my* studying navigation? But we cannot run for the doctor every time anybody sneezes or coughs, and I *would* like to know what to do for any one who is a little sick.' Here is a matter concerning which young women need some simple but careful instruction. But who gives them any? As daughters in the family, they can repeat the dates of the ancient Grecian and Roman wars, work out an intricate problem in algebra, and give the technical names of all the bones in the body; but if the baby brother left in their charge burns his hand or is seized with the croup, how many of them know the best thing to do while waiting for the doctor? And when, as wives and mothers, the duties of life increase, how many of them have any practical knowledge which will help them to meet calmly and intelligently the every-day experiences of accidents and illnesses which are inevitable in every family?"

These suggestions are well worthy of consideration. Let us have, in all our schools and colleges, a new study for girls, which shall take the place of some of the old and useless ones; and let that be the study of medicine!

Saving the Young.

"THE YOUTH'S DIRECTORY" is the name of an organized charity in San Francisco, California, which, during the last five years, has rescued from the evils of the streets, fed, sheltered, clothed, surrounded with moral influences and provided with good homes or situations, in town and country, over sixteen thousand boys and two thousand girls, most of whom had otherwise become a reproach as well as an expense to the city. The dormitory refectory and intelligence bureau are free to all classes of children in need, without distinction of race or color. It is non-sectarian in character, and supported entirely by voluntary contributions. In the annual report for 1879, now before us, the work of the year is thus given:

"During the twelve months ending December 31st, 1879, there were placed at service, in town and in the country, four thousand three hundred and ninety boys, nine hundred and eighty-two girls and, incidentally, two hundred and eighty-nine men; making a total of five thousand six hundred and sixty-one, or about sixteen per day on a medial estimate. Very many of the stronger lads were engaged to pick hops, gather fruits and harvest the grain. Their wages averaged fifteen dollars a month beside board and transportation. For the same period the refectory provided six thousand nine hundred and ninety-three warm, substantial meals, while the dormitory furnished two thousand two hundred and seventy-six lodgings, with clean beds, wearing apparel and requisites for washing purposes."

The moral and spiritual results and far-reaching influence of a charity like this, are beyond computation. In the real work of rescuing and saving human souls from the power of evil, we doubt if any church in San Francisco, or indeed in any city on the continent, has done half as efficient service. And yet, the cost in money of all this has been, during the year 1879, only about fifteen hundred dollars!

Luxury and Extravagance in Philadelphia a Hundred Years Ago.

A N interesting paper in a late number of the *Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography*, gives us some glimpses of society as it existed in Philadelphia a hundred years ago. Luxury, dissipation and extravagance ran riot, it would seem, in these Revolutionary times. "When I was in Boston last summer," writes General Greene, "I thought luxury very predominant there, but it is no more to be compared with that now prevailing in Philadelphia than an infant babe to a full-grown man. I dined at one table where there were *an hundred and sixty dishes*." General Washington, speaking of the men of the times, says: "Idleness, speculation, peculation and an insatiable thirst for riches, seem to have got the best of every other consideration." Edward Shippen writes to a relative: "I shall find myself under the necessity of removing from this scene of expense. The style of life my fashionable daughters have introduced into my family makes my expenses fall not short of four or five thousand pounds per annum." A historical writer says: "Every form of wastefulness and extravagance prevailed in Philadelphia under the very eye of Congress—luxury of dress, luxury of equipage, luxury of the table. At one entertainment *eight hundred pounds were spent in pastry*." In reply to a scolding letter of her father, Franklin, for indulging in these dissipations, Mrs. Bache wrote: "How could my dear papa give me so severe a reprimand for wishing a little finery? You would not have had me, I am sure, stay away from Minister Gerard's entertainments, nor when I was invited to spend the day with General Washington and his lady; and you would have been the last person to have wished to see me dressed with singularity. Though I never loved dress so much as to be particularly fine, yet I will never go out when I cannot appear so as to do credit to my family and husband."

A Young Hero.

WE have a boy in town, says the Iowa Falls *Sentinel*, who is a hero, and we would like to speak his name right out, but dare not do so for fear that he may not like it. This boy is an industrious, saving and energetic worker. There was a mortgage of several hundred dollars on the home of his mother, which she was gradually paying by economy and hard work. This excellent son saved his dimes and dollars, and kept his wealth to himself, and recently he boarded the Eastern train, was gone a few days, returned and presented his good mother with a release of the aforesaid mortgage. We call that a noble act, and have no fears of predicting an honorable, and useful, and high position in the future for that boy.

New Music.

FROM Oliver Ditson, Boston, we have "White Robes," a new collection of songs, quartets and choruses for Sunday-schools and devotional meetings. It contains, in a neat and well-bound book, one hundred and twenty-five songs and hymns which seem to have been carefully selected. Also, "Temperance Jewels," a new collection of Temperance, Reform and Gospel songs, duets, quartets, solos and choruses, by I. H. Tenney and Rev. E. A. Hoffman. There are ninety songs in the collection.

From the same publishers we have the following pieces of sheet-music: "The Midshipmite," a sailor song by Stephen Adams; "Little Bird in the Forest," (with German and English words), by Taubert; "Just Because You Kissed Me," one of Christie's famous ballads; "Tulip," an easy piano piece, by Lichner; a "Minuet," from Boccacio, and a song without words, by Merkel, called "The Wanderer." Also, a sparkling number of the *Weekly Musical Record*.

"Music Made Easy," by Robert Challoner, (published by Geo. D. Newhall & Co., of Cincinnati) is one of those practical and complete Musical Primers which afford so much help to both pupil and teacher. From the testimonials already given by teachers who have used "Music Made Easy," we should think it a publication of great value to learners.

We have also received from Geo. D. Newhall & Co., of Cincinnati, the following pieces of sheet-music: "Remember I'm Your Friend," song and chorus, by Will S. Hays; "Ah, Siny Days Ha' Past and Gang," song and chorus, by Will S. Hays; "Glad Tidings," Valse Sentimentale for the piano; "Who Killed Cock Robin?" Funeral March, Solos and Quartet, by Jack Sparrow; "No Name Schottische," by Edw. J. Abraham.

"In Sight of Home."

OUR frontispiece this month, which tells the story of a ship's return after a long voyage, and the varying emotions with which the sailors are affected on catching the first sight of home, has been admirably conceived and executed. Each of these sailors, as represented by the artist, is a study, while the contrast of character and feeling, as seen in their faces and different attitudes, is singularly effective.

Literary and Personal.

GEROME, the painter, is now fifty-five years old, but is remarkably young in spirit. He is an indefatigable student in his art, and carefully notes and profits by competent criticism. When a mere lad, he declared over and over again that he would do nothing but paint, if he had to beg his food on his way to Paris and the best instruction. So his father yielded, and the young Jean, in the years that have followed, has won fame, a beautiful home and a fortune of three hundred thousand dollars.

THE pretty daughter of ex-Secretary McCulloch is called the best banjo player outside of the profession, and it is she who has set the fashion which now keeps half the "sweet-sixteens" in New York city a drumming and a strumming out of their school hours. Miss Doremus, daughter of Professor Doremus, the analytical chemist, is the next best banjoist in that city.

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON-BURNETT, says a *Tribune* Washington correspondent, is the wife of a professor in the Georgetown Medical College. She has two fine boys, Lionel and Vivian, five and three years old. She looks a wonderfully young matron to have attained international fame. One would pronounce her scarcely thirty. She is rather low of stature and well proportioned. To a fresh English color she adds an American softness and delicacy of expression. She has luminous brown eyes, and is fair, with rich suburn-brown hair and finely-cut features. She dresses often in black satin, with puffed sleeves and skirt and velvet vest, finished at the neck with a ruche of black lace, and a bunch of violets at the throat. Her beautiful hands look innocent of pen-and-ink labors. They are housewifey, maternal hands.

MILLE SARAH BERNHARDT is described as suddenly taking into her head the resolution to become a sculptor. She began at one o'clock in the morning, just after returning from the theatre, and for a model she took her old aunt, Madame Bruck, who was roused, grumbling, from a sound sleep, to sit until six o'clock, having her ancient features put into clay.

MR. CHARLES READE is not only a distinguished writer, but a business man of great energy and industry. He was himself the publisher of his "Never too Late to Mend," managing the whole matter of printing and issuing, and punctually every week superintending the accounts. Had printers failed, he was quite capable of taking off his coat and setting up his work with his own deft and manly hands.

Atlantic City.

ACTIVE preparations for the coming season at Atlantic City have already commenced, and especially by the "Camden and Atlantic Railroad Company," which will enlarge its facilities for the conveyance of passengers, and for securing the highest degree of safety. New rails have been put down wherever necessary, old ties have been removed, every bridge carefully inspected, and in two or three cases iron structures substituted for wooden ones. A new and more commodious depot, with ferry houses, will be erected at Camden, to be ready by the time season opens. All the trains are to be put on more rapid time, and extra trains added to the schedule.

Publishers' Department.

BRILLIANT RESULTS.

There cannot be found in the journals of any school of medicine a record of more brilliant cures than have already been shown as the result of ten years' administration of Compound Oxygen for chronic diseases. Not a day passes in which a large correspondence with patients does not bring new reports of cures, or ameliorations of distressing symptoms, or expressions of thankfulness and gratitude for relief from pains which have tortured for years, and for which no treatment had hitherto availed anything.

Take the following result, in a case of *Pleuro-Pneumonia*, in which the patient had been in bed for thirty-eight months, and under medical treatment for most of the time, without receiving any benefit. We give it in the patient's own emphatic sentences:

"I take pleasure in writing you a few lines to inform you of my health. Am glad to say that I am up once more, and feeling as well as I ever did, and am gaining flesh and strength, with the exception of my knees, which do not seem to get any stronger, though I can get about very well. Your Compound Oxygen has certainly done wonders in my case. I was first taken down with what the doctors term *Pleuro-Pneumonia*, in the year 1876, and have been confined to my bed nearly ever since. Before I commenced taking the Oxygen, I had taken, in the way of medicine, about everything that was recommended for consumption, with no effect. I had been sick in bed for about thirty-eight months in all, and in less than three months from the time I began the Oxygen I was up and getting about. Have been given up to die by the doctors time and again. But I still live, and believe that nothing else but the Compound Oxygen saved me."

The communication from which this extract is taken was written in August, 1879. From a brother of the writer, Mr. G. W. Grayson, of Enfaula, Indian Territory, a letter, dated December 29th, 1879, was received, in which he says:

"Compound Oxygen has, in the case of my brother, performed such a miraculous cure (for we attribute it to nothing else), that I have concluded to test it myself. * * * My brother is completely restored, and is now acting as a salesman in our store."

This is but a single case out of hundreds equally remarkable on record at the office of Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa. See further testimonials on fourth page of cover, this number HOME MAGAZINE.

KEY TO SUCCESS IN THE GARDEN.—W. H. Reid, of Rochester, N. Y., whose name is becoming more widely and favorably known each year by all interested in the culture of flowers and vegetables, issues his beautifully illustrated catalogue with colored plates this season under the above title, and in an entirely new dress throughout. It is crowded full of interesting reading matter, and contains a list of everything desirable for the garden at reasonable prices. Send stamp to publisher for specimen copy.

DREER'S SEED GARDEN CALENDAR FOR 1880.

—Among the annual publications of our nursery and seedsmen, the "Garden Calendar" of Henry A. Dreer, of Philadelphia, is one of the largest and best. It is designed to furnish brief directions for the cultivation and management of the vegetable and flower garden. It is illustrated with a large number of engravings, and contains select lists of vegetable, flower and grass seeds, bulbs, plants, small fruits, and everything for the garden. Special attention is paid at the nurseries to the introduction of the best new varieties of roses, fuchsias, geraniums, gladiolus, etc., etc. Nearly fifty acres are devoted to the growing of the more hardy kinds of shrubs, roses, dahlias, bulbs and flower seeds, and nearly fifty thousand square feet of glass are employed in the propagation and cultivation of choice exotics and plants suitable for the decoration of house or garden. The Spring Grove Nurseries and Seed Farm, at Riverton, N. J., on the Delaware River, a few miles above Philadelphia, are well worthy of a visit.

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